

IN  
KOREAN  
WILDS  
AND  
VILLAGES

STEN  
BERGMAN

THE  
TRAVEL  
BOOK CLUB



Margaret Huddy,  
July 1938.





IN KOREAN WILDS AND VILLAGES

*By* STEN BERGMAN

THROUGH KAMCHATKA BY DOG SLED AND SKIS  
SPORT AND EXPLORATION IN THE FAR EAST





YOUNG KOREAN WITH GOSHAWK PHEASANT-HUNTING.

# IN KOREAN WILDS AND VILLAGES

*By*

STEN BERGMAN

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## PREFACE

THE PURPOSE OF this expedition of mine was to study the life and distribution of birds in the North of Korea, and other questions connected with the subject, and to connect these studies with my previous explorations in North Eastern Asia.

Another important task was to collect birds and animals for the Swedish Natural History Museum.

Moreover, I had to make an ethnographical collection for the Swedish Ethnographical Museum.

The scientific results of my journey will be published in a separate volume later on.

In order to carry out this programme I engaged as assistant a Swedish taxidermist, Mr. Harald Sjöqvist and a Japanese, Mr. Kenji Fujimoto, the latter as assistant taxidermist and cook. Both had taken part in my previous expedition to the Kuriles in 1929-30. They fulfilled their task cleverly and energetically.

The expedition was made possible thanks to kind support from a number of persons and societies.

Special thanks are due to His Royal Highness The Crown-Prince of Sweden, who had the great kindness to give me a letter of recommendation.

I express my respectful thanks also to the Japanese Authorities, who allowed me to travel and undertake collections for the State Museums in Sweden.

I thank His Excellency, Mr. Shiratori, former Japanese Minister in Stockholm, and Baron Fuji from the Japanese Legation in Stockholm for the kind way



## PREFACE

in which they communicated with the Japanese Authorities.

Other Japanese to whom I owe a great debt of gratitude are Mr. Yasuma Oda, the secretary of the Government General in Keijo, Dr. T. Mori, Professor at the University in Keijo, Mr. S. Shimokoriyama, Chief of the Zoological and Botanical Gardens in Keijo, Mr. Ando, Chief of Police in Keijo, and Mr. Tsumura, head of the State film-bureau.

To help me to carry out my plans I received financial support from the Royal Swedish Academy of Science, the Geographical Society and other scientific societies. My expedition was also generously supported by private patrons.

I wish to thank the Swedish Legation in Tokio for kind support on many occasions.

All the zoological collections which I brought home I have presented to the Swedish Natural History Museum.

Stockholm, April, 1938.

STEN BERGMAN

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# IN KOREAN WILDS AND VILLAGES

( 1 )

## THROUGH SIBERIA TO KOREA

IF YOU want to go from Sweden to Korea you have three routes to choose between—viâ America, viâ the Suez Channel and viâ Siberia. The last naturally is the shortest. It takes only thirteen days but on the other hand it involves undertaking the world's longest uninterrupted train journey.

Many people imagine that a train journey of thirteen days without a break is something almost unbearable, and when you say you are going to travel through Siberia, you are apt to be asked whether it is safe and whether you are not running risks of railway accidents or of brigands. What are the trains like? Can you get anything to eat? Don't foreigners meet with all kinds of unpleasantnesses? I had to answer any number of such questions when I first mentioned that I was taking this route.

My companion, Mr. Sjöqvist, a taxidermist, and I set out from Stockholm on the 7th of February, 1935, at 7 p.m. for Abo by the Finland boat. We took the Viborg night train the following evening from Helsingfors, this train having one carriage which goes on direct to Leningrad.

At the Russian frontier station, Bjeloostrov, we had

to show our passports and our luggage was examined by the customs. The Russian Customs-officers made a fairly careful search through our five trunks (our scientific equipment was sent on in advance by Suez) and those which we did not require during our passage through Russian territory were sealed. On our passes was recorded our possession of two cameras. We had to show all the ready money we had on us together with all our letters of credit, etc. The amounts in question were then recorded on a document which we had to sign as proof of the figures being correct. On leaving Russia this document would have to be shown, we were told. Otherwise we would not be permitted to have our money out from the country.

As soon as these formalities were concluded, the train proceeded on to Leningrad. As we had taken our tickets through the official Russian travel bureau, "Intourist", we were met on arrival by two representatives of that agency—they greeted us before we got out of the train. Both of them were ladies of very attractive appearance—one of them in particular.

Both spoke English fluently and their task was to see to our luggage, to conduct us to the Hotel Europe, where we were to get our tickets for the rest of the journey, and to attend to our comfort in every way. For this service the Intourist Agency makes only a fixed charge payable in foreign currency.

A Swedish fellow traveller fell to the handsomer of the two ladies and we saw him disappear with her in a taxi, while Sjöqvist and I packed ourselves and our trunks into another taxi with the second lady. In a few minutes we were at the Europe, Leningrad's biggest hotel.

We were to continue on our journey that night, and

as soon as we had secured our tickets, gone for a stroll, and had dinner we took our seats in the Express for Moscow, where we had to change for the Siberian Express.

After a night in an excellent second-class *wagon-lit*, we reached Moscow at 11 a.m. on Sunday, the 10th of February. It was snowing and there were two degrees of frost. The traffic in the streets was tremendous. There was a whirl of motor cars, buses, trams, wagons, and sledges and great crowds on foot. As is well known, the Russians now make a work day of Sunday, taking their rest instead every sixth day.

The Trans-Siberian Express goes to Eastern Asia twice a week. It starts at Stolpce on the Polish-Russian frontier and passes Moscow every Sunday and Wednesday, proceeding thence at 5.45 p.m.

We had some hours free therefore and we spent them sight-seeing. We then made for the station, accompanied by a man from the Intourist Agency.

On arrival here we were driven by a veritable hurricane of snow into a waiting-room in which a number of Asiatic travellers had gathered. I noticed in particular a group of very elegantly attired Mongols with their wives and children. There were present also some officers of the Red Army.

The snowstorm made the train more than an hour late. While we were waiting, another long-distance train came in and passengers streamed out of it. "From Vladivostok," our Russian guide explained. No wonder the passengers looked a bit tired!

At last the Trans-Siberian Express rolled quietly in. We hastened out on to the platform and saw the train before us, an immense engine and ten trim looking coaches. On each of these in impressive lettering were

the names STOLPCE—MOSCOW—MANCHURIA. We took our seats in the compartment for two which had been reserved for us. We rejoiced at having a compartment for two—most of the second class compartments were for four.

Very soon the train began to move out of the station, while great numbers of friends and relatives of our fellow passengers waved and called out to them.

Examining our compartment more carefully now I noted that it was not as trim as a Swedish second class, though all was neat and clean. On a table in front of the window stood a table-lamp and there were two lamps in the roof, which was also provided with a ventilator. As in all the other sleeping-cars, there were basins and a tap, but—a very serious inconvenience!—there was no water inside. We therefore had to do our washing in one or other of the two lavatories at the ends of the coach and this of course involved our taking our place in a queue for the purpose.

A man from the Intourist office in Moscow now travels always on the Trans-Siberian Express so as to be at hand if any passengers should need his services. The man who was on this train was located close to our compartment. He spoke excellent English and was very obliging. It was clear that he was really anxious to be of use to us.

The train was quite full. The Trans-Siberian Express consists of sleeping compartments exclusively, and as a rule they take only such passengers as wish to travel a considerable distance and are not available for those who want to travel merely between neighbouring towns.

All the compartments were full, as I said, but there

were only five foreigners on the train. All the others were Russian subjects. A Japanese scientist on his way home, a Scottish missionary travelling to Mukden, and a German newspaper man bound for Tokio were the three other foreigners. Many of the Russians were delegates returning to their homes in the Far East after attending the seventh All-Russian Congress at Moscow. Some of them were evidently dignitaries of high standing as they wore the Lenin Order. Others carried the Red Banner, another high distinction awarded for services rendered to Soviet Russia. These decorations were worn every day. There were also two Russian airmen on the train, bound for their stations in Eastern Asia.

I was curious to see what the restaurant-car looked like, so we paid an early visit to it. The table-cloths were nice and clean and there were vases on every table with flowering cyclamen in them. On some tables stood bowls with apples in them, in others bowls with mandarin oranges. The waiters wore white jackets and soft white collars.

The menu was sumptuous. There was almost everything to be had that you could expect in a restaurant-car. Foreigners, we were told, could pay in foreign currencies. Every kind was accepted. We could pay in Swedish money.

In the restaurant-car foreign travellers were able to arrange in advance for three meals a day at the equivalent of two gold roubles for the three or alternatively for the equivalent of four gold roubles for three more elaborate meals. The Russians paid at quite different rates and in Russian money of course. A glass of tea with a slice of lemon was priced at sixty-five kopek, a cup of coffee at a rouble, a cup of chocolate at two roubles and a half. Plates of fish or meat



were priced at from three to eight roubles. In Swedish money we paid about thirty-five öre (about four pence) for a glass of tea with lemon. The restaurant car was open from 9 a.m. to 11 p.m.

When we got back to our compartment we found that our beds were laid for the night. We got into them and were soon asleep.

When I pulled up the curtains next morning the sun was shining brightly. There was not a cloud in the sky and a beautiful wintry landscape lay spread out before us on both sides of the railway, with hoar frost on the trees. Birch forests alternated with open plains, dotted with grey-looking villages.

At all the larger stations which we passed, the station buildings were richly decorated with red flags and with great cloths, banners and streamers with inscriptions on them. The station buildings often were adorned also with portraits of Lenin, Stalin, and others. The inscriptions on the banners, etc., were composed of greetings to the delegates to the Soviet Congress. These decorations, which had begun at Leningrad and Moscow, were specially abundant at Viatka, which we reached after a journey of about twenty-four hours from Moscow. This town is now called Kirov, in honour of a Soviet dignitary of that name who was murdered not long ago. This new name was blazoned in large letters on the station walls, on which also was a large portrait of Kirov himself flanked by portraits of Stalin and Lenin. All three portraits were surrounded by a frame fitted with electric lamps which were lit when darkness fell.

At all the stations in Russia except the very smallest there has always from ancient times been boiling water available for tea gratis. The moment our train stopped

therefore nearly all the third class passengers jumped out to fill their tea-pots at the taps. Tea-drinking goes on almost incessantly in Russian trains.

After about forty hours' journey from Moscow we reached Sverdlovsk, formerly Jekaterinburg, where the Czar and his family were murdered. In one portion of the outskirts we saw what amounted to quite a little village of mud huts but in other directions rose several large buildings of modern style. There were a great many people a-foot in the streets.

We stopped twenty minutes. Then on we went. On this morning also there was bright sunshine and a cloudless sky, and all the trees glistened with the loveliest hoar-frost. We seemed to be traversing some kind of fairyland. Now and then we saw sledges gliding over the snow-clad plains but apart from them there were few signs of life between the stations.

That evening we passed the town of Perm, on the largest of the tributaries of the Volga, the Kama, over which we crossed on a tremendous bridge. Next morning we were well into Siberia. The time seemed to be flying and before we had any idea of it we steamed into Omsk, which with its 150,000 inhabitants is an important centre for agriculture. Like most of the Siberian towns, Omsk consists of a mass of wooden houses, often square-shaped. The windows are usually provided with shutters fashioned with many scrolls and carvings.

Our meals and the frequent tea-drinking helped to make the time pass very quickly. On we went over barren steppes and through dense woods. Now and again we passed signal-men's huts. Sometimes the occupants had a cow and a couple of sheep and a dog for company, while one could often see a radio wire up

on the roof. The radio is probably highly valued in these wilds.

On the evening of the fourth day we reached Krasnojarsk on the Yenisei River. It was very cold—thirty-six degrees of frost—and the stars were glittering in the heavens when we arrived there. It is a town of 80,000 inhabitants. There were a lot of people at the station to see the train come in. All wore felt-boots—a custom universal indeed in these parts both in town and country.

We had now reached the world-famous Siberian "Taiga", the virgin forest-land which stretches for thousands of miles in every direction. I never tired of gazing at those illimitable stretches of woods wherein so many species of wild animals have their home.

On our sixth day we came to Irkutsk. Gigantic portraits of Lenin, Stalin and others adorned the great station building. We had thirty-two degrees of frost. The station was full of people, among them many soldiers. Outside stood sledges and motor cars, for the station is more than two miles from the town.

You get out at Irkutsk if you are bound for the pole of maximum cold, Verchojansk, or for the Arctic Ocean. It was to Irkutsk that the famous frozen mammoth was brought by a sledge caravan from the Kolyma River in North Eastern Siberia where it was discovered in 1901. From Irkutsk it was taken by train, in a refrigerated van, to St. Petersburg, where it may still be seen, stuffed and in good condition.

Irkutsk is situated quite near Lake Baikal, and within a couple of hours we were steaming along the shore of this beautiful lake which is surrounded by great mountains. The lake was frozen. We passed it at night-time. The full moon shone on its surface but we

could not see much of the famous scenery. Time after time the train was swallowed up by tunnels. It can be imagined how difficult the work of railway-building must have been in these regions.

Next morning we were in Trans-Baikalia. The strangest thing about this great tract of country is that there is practically no snow in it all the winter. The snow-fall is so slight that the inhabitants have no use for sledges. It was quite curious to see the bare soil again and cars instead of sledges. Horses and cows were grazing on the scanty pastureland.

We made a twenty minutes' stop presently at Verchneudinsk, the capital of the Buryat-Mongolian Republic. There were any number of Mongolian types at the station. Motor cars ply between this town and Kalgan, passing over the Gobi Desert.

The landscape hereabouts was notable for its snow-clad hills and valleys. The railway track undulated greatly. Sometimes we were clattering up a steep ascent slowly, then rushing down swiftly. The scenery was very beautiful.

In the course of the night that followed we passed the town of Chita and the station of Karymskaja where the railway bifurcates. Here all those Russian passengers got off who wanted to proceed on Russian territory to Habarovsk or Vladivostok. Sjöqvist and I, on the other hand, continued on to Manchuria, which is the frontier station between Siberia and Manchukuo. We arrived there, six hours late, after a seven days' journey from Moscow.

At Manchuria we had to present passports and pass the customs, first on leaving Russia and then on entering Manchukuo. We then got on to a new train, whose destination was Harbin.

Now began the most exciting part of our journey,

the passage through Manchukuo where bandits often attack the train.

Our new train was exceptionally trim. As we had not had a meal for several hours we hastened into the restaurant-car immediately after we started. There were both Russian and Chinese waiters. We now had to change our money into Manchukuoan yuan and fen which correspond more or less in value to the Japanese yen and sen.

The bandit danger was the general topic of conversation on the train. While we sat and discussed the matter, two Chinese of the wildest type I had ever seen came into the restaurant-car and sat down. One of them had a long pigtail and both had deeply tanned complexions. Both were attired in sheepskins, dyed reddish. They attracted much attention as they sat there drinking tea. They looked the very arch-types of bandits! As soon as they had swallowed down their tea they vanished. We wondered whether they were bandit spies sent on board the train at a previous station to see whether it was worth plundering.

The bandits' usual practice is to loosen the rails so that the train shall come to grief. As soon as this happens, a whole band of them, armed, fall upon the injured passengers and plunder them, carrying off the survivors to the mountains, where they are held captive until they are eventually ransomed at high prices. If not ransomed they are shot.

The risk from bandits is at its worst on the stretch from Harbin to Mukden. It was still so great that the night train had ceased to go—nobody would venture to travel by it. All passengers, therefore, had to break their journey at Harbin and to stay there over night, proceeding on their way next morning.

On reaching Harbin accordingly, we put up at a

hotel there, continuing next day to Hsingking (formerly Changchung), Manchukuo's new capital, where the Emperor Pu Yi resides.

From Harbin onwards the Manchukuoan countryside seemed very fruitful. One saw cultivated land everywhere. There were any numbers of Chinese at all the stations. In the fields were black long-haired pigs busy rooting about. Most of the peasants live in clay huts. The larger farm houses were surrounded by walls to protect them against bandits.

Nearly all the railway stations looked like fortresses. Any number of rows of barbed wire were stretched all round them, and there were great mounds also of defensive sand-bags. At one station we met a mail train which also had a cargo of money. It was guarded by several wagons-full of armed soldiers. Otherwise it would never have got through. Our own train carried a detachment of Japanese policemen, and soldiers were patrolling the line day and night. The Japanese are doing all they can to free the country from bandits and hope soon to be rid of them.

The Scottish missionary, already mentioned, who had spent thirty-six years out in these parts, told us that the bandits often travel as ordinary third class passengers on the train which they intend to plunder. At a convenient moment, when the train is toiling up a steep slope and therefore has to go slowly, they draw their revolvers on a given signal and proceed to despoil the other travellers. They jump out while the train is still going slow and disappear into the adjoining cornfields. They are most to be feared in the autumn when the cornfields give them best cover.

A journey of thirteen hours from Harbin brought us late in the evening to Mukden, where we again changed trains, continuing next morning to the frontier of

Manchukuo and Korea which we reached at 5 a.m. When I pulled up the window-curtains at day-break the train was crossing the Yalu River, which at this point constitutes the frontier. Soon I was able to descry the picturesque Korean clay huts lying about in small clusters here and there. A column of smoke went straight up from each of them in the still morning air. Presently a white figure or two became visible. As is well known, the Koreans go about dressed in white almost always. In the dim mist they moved about like ghosts.

When it was broad daylight the scenery looked beautiful. Wonderful mountains and smiling valleys, in which were groups of thatched clay huts. Long rows of Koreans filed past bearing tremendous burdens upon their backs. There were many women carrying heavy baskets or pitchers on their heads and children on their backs. Oxen were weighted with enormous loads of hay. On the banks of the rivers and streams women were busy washing clothes. Children, pigs and dogs ran about in the village by-ways. The sun sent down its radiance over everything from a cloudless sky, as it had done throughout our entire journey from Moscow.

Just before 3 p.m. we arrived at Korea's capital, Seoul, or, as it is now called, Keijo. The journey from Stockholm had taken all but thirteen days and had proceeded according to plan. We were most cordially welcomed by the Japanese authorities at the station. We then drove at once to our hotel. Through the windows of the car I could see Greta Garbo's portrait displayed on big advertising placards. The film of "Queen Christina" was being shown.

It was fine to have completed the first stage of our expedition.

THEN AND NOW IN KOREA

THE LAND in whose capital we now found ourselves boasts one of the oldest civilizations in the Far East. During various periods in the past it was a flourishing kingdom.

Its history is known from the Third Century, B.C., and it tells of long conflicts between the original inhabitants and foreign invaders. Parts of the country came under Chinese rule, even in the pre-Christian era. Later small kingdoms were created and there was a series of civil wars between them. Towards the end of the Seventh Century A.D., the whole of Korea became re-united under a native king of the Silla dynasty. After this, Chinese civilization began steadily to permeate the land.

In 935, A.D. the last Silla king was forced by a general rebellion to abdicate and a new kingdom was created which lasted until 1392. Then yet another new dynasty, that of Chosen, came into power with Seoul as the capital. This kingdom recognized the suzerainty of China.

About two centuries later the Japanese began a series of invasions but the Koreans put up a brave defence and the Japanese had to beat a retreat.

Korea then became closed to all foreigners with exception of the Chinese and so remained until 1876, when Japan contrived to execute a treaty with it by



which certain ports and other regions were thrown open to foreigners. Japan, who long had looked askance at China's influence in the country, at last entered into war with China in 1894. Japan won and by the peace-treaty of Shimonoseki of 1895 China gave up all her claims in Korea and the country's independence was proclaimed.

Now Russia appeared in the arena, and began to interest herself in Korea and to acquire more and more influence in the country, until at last she established the right to keep troops there, to control all the strategic ports, and to train native forces. At the same time she took possession of Port Arthur and Dairen and began to occupy Manchuria. It was evident that Russia proposed in due course to add both Korea and all Manchuria to her possessions.

Japan saw in this a threat against her own existence, so she demanded in 1904 that Russia should evacuate Manchuria and when she refused she took up arms. The outcome of the Japanese victory, among other things, was that Russia had to abandon all interest in Korea and to give Japan a free hand there.

Japan now, to begin with, changed Korea into a protectorate and nominated the Japanese Prince Ito as "Resident General" with the task of co-operating with the Korean Emperor in the governing of the country. In 1909 Prince Ito was murdered at the Harbin railway station, where he was about to take a train for Europe. On account of this murder and of other serious incidents Japan decided at once to annex Korea, and the Emperor was forced to abdicate in 1910, the country falling under Japanese rule as a province, to which was given the ancient name of Chosen.

The Korean imperial family was now given the same

standing as if it belonged to the Japanese Imperial House. The heir to the Korean throne was given the title of Prince Yi. When he died, his brother inherited the title and was made to live in Japan, where he was married to a Japanese Princess and where he continues to reside.

After the annexation, supreme power was placed in the hands of a Japanese Governor General and it is he who now rules the country. Such in brief is the history of Korea.

Korea is a peninsula of about half the size of Sweden with an area of 85,228 square miles. It lies between 33° and 43° northern latitude, corresponding to Central and Southern Spain. It is a portion of the Eastern Asiatic plateau and is chiefly constituted of granite, gneis, crystalline slate and older eruptive elements. It is bordered by the Sea of Japan, the Korean Strait, and the Yellow Sea. From Manchukuo it is divided by the Yalu River and the Tumen River. In the north-east it borders on Russian territory.

Korea is in a marked degree a mountainous country. Along the whole of its eastern coast stretches a single mountainous chain, with a number of branches. Its highest peak is Paiktusan, in the north, 8,918 feet. Almost the entire country consists of mountains and valleys, but there are a number of extensive and fertile stretches of plain here and there, especially to the west and south.

The most important woodlands in Korea lie in the northern portion, where there are primeval forests, but it is not now a country rich in woodland for the reason that in earlier times the inhabitants used up most of the trees. The Japanese are now exerting themselves in the matter of afforestation everywhere

more than 150,000,000 trees were planted in 1934 alone.

Korea's principal industry is agriculture, in which over 80 per cent of its population are engaged. The value of the yearly harvest amounts to more than 1,000,000,000 yen. Rice is beyond comparison, its most important crop and is exported on a large scale but the Soya bean also plays a big rôle, as do also millet, corn, wheat and oats. The cultivation of cotton is also very important and increases every year. Tobacco and "the miracle-working plant", ginseng (of which more later), are also grown on a great scale.

Fishing is another very important industry. Its total value in 1935 amounted to 133,000,000 yen.

There is a considerable silk industry also. In 1935 it gave employment to 821,000 families.

Mining becomes more important every year. It includes gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, graphite, mica, and coal. The production of gold especially has increased much of recent years, amounting in value to 38,000,000 yen in 1935; while the total value of Korean mining in general amounted to 88,000,000.

The population of Korea at the end of 1935 came to 21,891,000. Of these 21,248,000 were Koreans, 583,000 Japanese and the rest Chinese and other foreigners.

The precise sources of the Korean population are as yet unknown. They belong to the Mongolian race and are as a rule easily distinguishable from both the Chinese and the Japanese, although, like these, they have black hair, dark slanting eyes and a golden-brown complexion. They have for the most part gentle faces with a slight look of surprise in their expression. They are generally bigger than the Japanese and more of the size of the Northern Chinese. A Korean regards it as

an insult to be taken either for a Japanese or a Chinaman. But the Chinese and the Japanese similarly hate to be taken for Koreans.

In his character the Korean is very different from the Japanese. He lacks the latter's push and energy and fighting spirit, as also his capacity for team-work. For him the individual is more important than the community, while for the Japanese the common interest is supreme and the individual by comparison is nothing. In this respect the Korean is more like the Chinese. Both are individualists.

The Korean is proud of his old culture and clings to it. He is disinclined for hard work. If he can avoid working, he does. He prefers to sit and smoke his long pipe and talk with his fellows.

The Koreans have both a spoken language and a written language of their own, both of which differs entirely from Chinese and Japanese. Korean, like Japanese, is polysyllabic and its grammar resembles that of Japanese, but it has almost no likeness to it in other respects.

The Korean is not delighted with the Japanese rule but he finds that things go well with him and he is quite ready to admit that Japan has done a great deal for the welfare of the country and has created greater possibilities for him.

If Japan had not taken Korea, either Russia or China would have done so for the country was in a demoralized condition and unable to look after itself. Enlightened Koreans take the view therefore that Japan's annexation of the country was the only thing possible for their welfare, even if they feel that she has gone a little too far in many cases.

The great mass of Koreans belong to the creed of Buddha, which according to local tradition was

introduced into the country about 370 A.D. Among the upper classes there are a good many Confucians. Christianity also is widely spread in the country. It was introduced into it in 1784, but it is during the last fifty years that European and American missionaries have been energetic in propagating it. According to what some of them have told me, the Koreans are very responsive to Christian teaching.

As regards animal life, Korea belongs to the palearctic region and in this division it belongs to the Manchurian sub-region. Thanks to its situation as a link between the Asiatic continent and the Japanese archipelago, we encounter in Korea a form of wild life which reflects the country's character as transitional. In the northern densely wooded regions animal life shows a great similarity to that of Siberia and Manchuria and differs markedly from that of the central and southern regions.

As the northern parts of Korea were the least known, I decided to devote myself chiefly to the exploration of them.

( 3 )

IN KEIJO, KOREA'S CAPITAL.

AS SOON AS we had installed ourselves at the Chosen Hotel and taken a rest after our journey, the first thing for us to do was to secure the various licences and other documents which we should need for our movements and carrying on our work. I had already obtained the necessary authorization to undertake the expedition through the good offices of the Japanese Minister at Stockholm.

Our first visit was to the Japanese Governor General of Korea, General Ugaki, the former Minister of War, who received me most cordially. Then followed visits to the head of the Police and of the Customs Department and to many other officials concerned, as well as to the directors of shipping companies, stores, etc., our business talks with these people often being broken off for social purposes, invitations to lunch, dinner, etc.

Mr. Tanaka, whose task it was to direct Korea's relations with foreign countries, gave a big lunch in our honour at the Chosen Hotel, to which he asked most of the Government Officials who would have anything to do with our activities, and this facilitated the making of many arrangements. A Society, which must surely be unique of its kind and to which the Japanese give the name, in English, of "International Friendly Association", proved to have a very strong status in Korea. This Society, whose purpose is

revealed by its name, gave a dinner in our honour at which we made acquaintance with many prominent personages in Keijo.

Another hospitable function which was of great interest to us was a banquet given to welcome us by the "Korean Society for the Promotion of Science". This was held at the "Full Moon", Keijo's leading Korean restaurant, and we had the opportunity for the first time of sitting on an artificially warmed floor, and making acquaintance with the Korean cuisine's many strange and strongly-flavoured delicacies. On this occasion I accepted on behalf of the Natural History Museum at Stockholm a gift of five hundred specimens of Korean butterflies presented by the society in question. Many of the guests talked to me about the visit in 1926 of the Swedish Crown Prince and Princess to Korea, an event cherished warmly in their memory.

In the course of our stay at Keijo we also had the pleasure of seeing something of the small Swedish colony in Korea. It consisted of only five members, all living in the capital.

Among the Japanese, Mr. Oda, the secretary of the General Government, was to prove our special friend and ever-active help in all our dealings with local authorities. His proudest recollection seemed to be that of accompanying the Swedish royal couple on their journey over the peninsula. Two other very valuable Japanese friends were to be Mr. Shimokoriyama, head of the Zoological and Botanical Gardens at Keijo, and Dr. Mori, a professor at the Keijo University. Both of these gentlemen, who have quite exceptional knowledge of Korean things, were able to help us with much information and good advice.

While we were still using Keijo as our headquarters,

I made a journey to Tokio to visit the Swedish Legation and to meet certain Japanese scientists there. The Swedish Minister, Dr. J. E. Hultman, was at the moment home on leave, but the Secretary of Legation, Mr. Ragnvald Bagge, who was acting as *Chargé d'Affaires*, and the Swedish Consul, Mr. John Widenfelt, together with Consul Guston, an old school-fellow of mine, gave me every help they could.

I spent some pleasant hours also with the well-known Japanese scientists, Prince Takatsukasa, Marquis Yamashina, Dr. Kuroda, Professor Tago, and others.

One of my objects in visiting Tokio was to get into touch again with my former Japanese servant, Fujimoto, who accompanied me on my expedition to the Kurile Islands. I had lost his address and was uncertain as to how I could find him again among Tokio's six million inhabitants. But I had certain clues to follow up and at last I came upon a track that led me to a suburb in which Fujimoto was working in a restaurant. Accordingly I sent a message asking him to come and see me at my hotel at a certain hour.

He presented himself punctually. He was extremely smartly dressed and carried an enormous bouquet of lilies and carnations in one hand. One might have supposed he had come to pay court to a girl. Readers of my Kurile Islands book may remember that the Fujimoto is a gallant Lothario. This bouquet he presented to me with a deep bow, declaring with a smile that he was ready to accompany me wherever I liked.

He then began to tell me of his experiences since we parted in Tokio more than four years before.

"Are you married to that girl from the Kurile Islands?" I asked.



"No," he answered. "But I am engaged to be married."

"To her?"

"No, to another girl."

"What will your fiancée say if you come to Korea with me for one year and a half?"

"It doesn't matter a rap what she says," he replied.

"What is your job now?"

"I am in a restaurant. I can cook a hundred and fifty different kinds of European, Japanese and Chinese dishes."

"And are you really willing to leave your job and your fiancée?"

"Yes, it will be fine to get away from Tokio!"

"So we may regard the matter as settled?"

"All right!" said Fujimoto—in English.

As soon as we had arranged the financial side of the compact, Fujimoto lunched with me at a restaurant in the famous Ginza Street. I then gave him instructions to be at Keijo a week later and we parted. I myself went and took a ticket for a flight thither by aeroplane for the following day.

When, however, I reached the air-service station next morning there was such a hurricane blowing that it was decided that no machine could start. So I took the train instead. Two days later I arrived there and found Sjöqvist waiting for me. All our preparations had now been made.

While we were staying in the capital it was very interesting to explore it and note the curious way in which what was new in it and what was extremely old were mixed up. There are not many Eastern towns so beautifully situated. It is surrounded by high steep mountains with gigantic gorges and ravines. In among

the mountains are pleasant valleys through which endless streams of white-clad figures make their way and which are dotted with small villages lying among dense woods and the green rice-fields.

A mile and a half to the south-west of the town flows the Han River on its way down from the famous Diamond Mountains to the Yellow Sea. Picturesque Korean junks lend it animation and contrast strangely with the modern Japanese motor boats.

Keijo, which as already mentioned, has been Korea's capital since 1392, is partly encircled by an imposing city wall that climbs up and down the mountainous site. Some stretches of this wall are well preserved with turrets and shot-holes. But Keijo has outgrown it, and some sections of the wall have had to be destroyed to leave room for buildings. There were originally a number of mighty city gates in the wall and these were closed every evening. Owing to the growth of the capital, several of these gates now stand well in the interior, having become merely picturesque memorials of ancient days. To them Keijo owes much of its individuality. For a foreign visitor trying to find his way about they are also useful landmarks.

Until the Japanese annexation of Korea in 1910, Keijo (or Seoul, as it was called until then, and as it is still called by the Koreans) was a purely Korean city with only unimportant Chinese and Japanese quarters in it. The Japanese have greatly changed the appearance of the town since then. It is now a modern town with 400,000 inhabitants. It has wide asphalted streets, big stores, and banks, hospitals, museums and schools and a university. Motor cars, buses and trams are very numerous and the well organized air-service acts as a link between it and both Japan and Manchukuo. But side by side with these up-to-date innovations you

see the time-honoured nimble rickshas and heavy wagons drawn by oxen, unaffected by the calendar.

The Japanese parts of Keijo look exactly like any Japanese city and all the streets have Japanese names. The Japanese shops are concentrated along the crowded thoroughfare called Honmachi, in which you can buy almost anything. This street is more than a mile in length and is lined on both sides by shops which for the most part display their wares outside or in wide-open doorways, so that everything may be visible. At those points where the street becomes so narrow that you can see the out-spread goods on both sides equally well, it takes on the appearance of a big department store. In the evening it is lit up in a most striking way and then it is always crammed with people.

From Honmachi a great number of side-streets lead up to the Japanese residential quarters, the finest of which lie on the lowest slopes of the adjacent mountains. The residence of the Governor General stands in this direction.

If you go along the whole length of Honmachi you reach the entertainment quarter which is full of Japanese cafés, restaurants and tea-houses.

The greater part of Keijo, however, consists of the Korean quarters. In these, time has stood still more or less but the whirl of humanity in them is still greater. The chief Korean street is called Chong-no, and stretches for a mile or more from the centre of the city to the Eastern Gate, continuing right on into the country. This is one of the three great arteries leading out of the city. The two others are a southern street which leads out over the Han River and a north-western one called the Peking Pass, because the Chinese Ambassadors from Peking always came that way when they brought gifts from the Chinese Emperors to



THE AUTHOR RECEIVED IN KEIJO THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF HIS OWN CHILDREN FROM A JAPANESE STRANGER, MR. KURODA, NAVAL ENGINEER, WHO HAD TAKEN IT BY CHANCE IN STOCKHOLM.



MR. KURODA, HIS FAMILY AND THE AUTHOR IN KEIJO.



THIS IMPOSING BUDDHA-FIGURE, "THE WHITE BUDDHA", IS OUTLINED ON A BLOCK OF STONE CLOSE TO A RIVER A SHORT DISTANCE OUTSIDE KEIJO.



TWO OF THE EIGHT THOUSAND WOMEN-DIVERS ON THE ISLAND OF  
QUELPART, OFF SOUTH KOREA.





THE MIRACLE-WORKING GINSENG-ROOT, BLINDLY  
BELIEVED IN BY ALL KOREANS AND CHINESE.



THE AUTHOR AND HIS KOREAN COMPANION ON A HUNTING TRIP FOR GORALS.





THE GORAL LIVES AMONG PRECIPITOUS CLIFFS IN  
THE MOUNTAINS.

Korea's rulers when the country lay under the suzerainty of China.

Chong-no is several times as broad as Honmachi, like which it has both sides lined with shops but all of them Korean. There is an endless stream of Koreans up and down it, all clad in white, from morning till night.

Business becomes fast and furious as the evening goes on, especially on the wide pavements in front of the shops, some of the energetic vendors moving about continually, others putting up stalls on the pavement edges. Late in the evening the crowd grows so dense that you can hardly make your way through it. As in Honmachi everything under the sun is sold here but here the wares are cheaper and adapted to the needs of the less affluent Korean populace.

Wherever you look, you see displayed household goods of every sort, baskets, metal-work, cloth of every imaginable colour, toys, books, tables, all the fruits in season, clothes, hats, shoes, all side by side. The salesmen are kept so hard at it that the perspiration pours down their cheeks. Here, a dealer in furniture forces his way through the throng with a dozen little Korean dining-tables firmly strapped together on his back and one in his hands for close inspection. There, another offering for sale queer-looking underclothes, net-like constructions, shaped like a waistcoat and made of bamboo-fibre. They are worn next the body to prevent you from perspiring too much in the hot weather. Mittens of the same material are sold with them.

Keijo's most impressive building is the Governor General's palace, which is the seat of Government. It is a massive formidable-looking edifice and makes a very strong impression on the Koreans. It is built of granite and its great central hall has columns and

flooring of Korean marble. The building stands opposite the palaces of the late Korean Emperor which spread out in an extensive park.

These dissimilar palaces, built in Chinese style, are very beautiful where they stand up above lotus-grown ponds, the winding canals, and aged trees. Most of them look like temples. Among them are the beautiful Throne Palace, a single room; the Summer Pavilion surrounded by water; and the stately Audience Hall. They are spoken of, all together, as the Northern Palaces.

The Korean Imperial family used to own also the so-called Eastern Palaces. These lie in a very extensive and beautiful park in the eastern part of Keijo, where now are the Zoological and Botanical Gardens. Here amidst wonderful old trees, canals, bridges and embankments may be seen a number of other halls and pavilions of varying sizes, and constituting together formerly the Eastern Palaces.

The Zoological and Botanical Gardens are well worth seeing and are beautifully arranged. Among the greatest attractions of this great park are the cherry trees in blossom at the end of April—a scene which brings to it hundreds of thousands of sight-seers.

To get a really fine general view of Keijo you either climb up one of the neighbouring mountains or else to the great Shinto Temple which the Japanese have erected on the upper slope of the Nansan Hill. All Japanese visitors of note who come on official business to the town pay first of all a visit to this temple in token of veneration of the spirits of the Japanese Emperor's ancestors.

Among the modern buildings of Keijo the Chosen Hotel deserves to be included. It is Korea's largest and best European hotel. It belongs to the Korean State

Railways, and is exceptionally elegant and attractive, besides being equipped with all modern comforts. We used this hotel as our headquarters all the time we were in Keijo and I really do not think I have ever stayed in a hotel where I have felt so at home as here.

In the centre of the city there hangs in a street corner a gigantic bronze bell which now has a fence round it. Before the Japanese annexation of Korea, it was the custom to strike blows on this bell with a great wooden club when the city's gates were to be closed. According to what I was told, the bell was also struck every evening at nine o'clock. This was a signal to all men in the city that they must then go home, for not until then might the women go out into the streets, and it was strictly forbidden for men and women to be out at the same time. If a man were seen out after nine o'clock in the evening he was taken into custody by the police.

## OUR FIRST EXCURSION INTO THE WOODS

UP IN North Eastern Korea, about ninety miles from the Siberian frontier, lies a small village named Shuotsu Onsen. In it are a number of hot wells and the Japanese have turned them to account for baths. High mountains encircle it and the Shuotsu River flows through to the Sea of Japan less than ten miles away.

We had decided to make this village our headquarters during our stay in North Eastern Korea. As soon as we had completed all our preparations in the capital we started for it on March the 23rd. First we visited the chief town of the province, Ranan, situated about twenty-five miles from Shuotsu. The Governor of North Kankyo Province lives here. We had been advised to call on him and also on the head of the police of the province. We were most pleasantly welcomed by both and they promised us their help in every way.

We then proceeded to Shuotsu, where we put up at first at a Japanese inn. The next thing to be done was to find a suitable abode. This problem was solved excellently. A Russian emigrant named Jankowski, (of whom I shall have more to say), offered us a finely situated cottage which was just the kind we wanted. It stood on a height with a view over the river valley. It needed a little repair but could be made ready for us within a fortnight.

We were eager now to get out into the wilds and make

a start at our exploring and collecting. We wanted first to explore a real forest and we rejoiced therefore to note that the dimensions of the timber-logs which were being transported down the valley were most reassuring—gigantic logs on their way to Japan. A Japanese company carries on the timber industry in these parts, and its directors kindly invited us to make use of several of its offices to put up in and also to use its timber-trolleys for transporting our things.

Off we went accordingly on our first expedition, taking up our position on one of the empty timber-lorries with our equipment. A diminutive engine gave out a warning and we moved away out of the village in the direction of the source of the river. The head of the local body of workers was a Japanese, but except for him and Fujimoto who was now with us, all the other passengers on the trolleys who had come on with their bundles and with children of every age and size were Koreans. They cast glances of curiosity and wonder at us Foreign Devils and our strange packages.

We were soon out of the village and making our way through a wild valley. Immense cliffs rose on both sides of the raging torrent, and numbers of black dippers took flight all around, startled by the breathless snorts of our engine as it rattled up and up. Now and again, it came to a stop and remaining stationary with wheels spinning round to no purpose. Then we would get off and the Koreans sprinkled sand on the rails.

The scenery became wilder and wilder. Sometimes the cliffs rose perpendicularly to dizzy heights and huge blocks of stone seemed to be ready to break loose and come crashing down upon us. There had been appalling avalanches everywhere all round, as great heaps of stone and earth bore eloquent witness.

The little train had to make its way now and again

over a wooden bridge across reaches of the river when it was too difficult for us to get across otherwise. At some places a hollow had been blasted in the mountainous wall to make it possible to progress.

Here and there the valley widened and at such points we would find one or more native dwellings, very primitive clay-huts with thatched roofs—as a rule with some children playing outside them dressed in brightly-coloured clothes. Often an ox also was to be seen lying in front of the hut in quiet meditation, while a long haired black pig or two nosed about on the bare earth for something to eat. To judge from their pessimistic countenances, they found precious little. The owners of the hut usually stood at the door to look at us as we passed. Our guide told us that a leopard had been seen three weeks before hard by and had gone off with a pig from one of these huts. He had taken it to a spot about 250 yards away and there he had made a meal of it at his ease, then vanishing up into the mountains.

After journeying thus for half an hour we reached a hut alongside the railway line outside which a Korean was excitedly waving a flag. We pulled up. The man with the flag was apparently a station-master. A timber-train was expected from high up in the mountain, it seemed, and as it was a single-track line we had to wait for it. So we had time to stretch our legs and inspect the station which was constructed in the Korean way with heating apparatus under the floor.

Soon the timber train came rolling quietly down—a small engine with ten heavy wagon-loads behind it. The engine's chief task going downhill is to act as a brake. On the two first wagons sat two Koreans who also helped to act as a brake as much as they could.

As soon as the guard again waved his flag we

began to forge ahead uphill. The scenery was continually changing and was indescribably wild. All the hills were snow-clad and the higher we went the denser grew the forests. They consisted chiefly of birch and poplar, pine, larch and spruce.

It was the 29th of March and the spring would soon be with us but the upper reaches of the stream were still all frozen. The cold became intensified, of course, as we mounted. When at last we reached our destination at a height of about 4,000 feet, we found ourselves in the midst of a whirling snowstorm. The halting place was encircled by very dense woodland and immense cliffs rose to either side. The outlook was promising and when we sat down on the heated floor of our hut and drank some hot tea, it was with high hopes we looked forward to our first exploration of the woods on the morrow.

Next day the ground was covered with the newly-fallen snow. A radiant sun shone over the wild landscape and we had at once to don the special spectacles which we had to use always at such times to protect our eyes. To begin with, we went up the river bed for a bit, meeting Koreans here and there on their way down. In most cases the women carried burdens on their heads as usual and a child firmly strapped to their backs. Several of the men were leading oxen.

While we were making our way up, a black woodpecker flew down and settled on a tree near. He was to be our first trophy in Korea. It soon appeared that there were plenty of wood-peckers about. We could hear them drumming away in every direction. We came upon specimens both of the white-backed species and of several others.

Presently we parted company, the three of us, each going his own way, as is our practice always. It wasn't



long before we made acquaintance with the Korean great tit, marsh tit and longtailed tit. Alongside the rivulet courses wrens began presently to send forth their beautiful song. We saw many dippers along the course of the river where it wasn't frozen. It was amusing to watch them dipping down into the icy-cold water and swimming about in it.

The bird-life in these woodlands was markedly Northern in character. We came upon the nuthatch, the tree-creeper, the coal-tit, and the golden crest. But there were also a number of Eastern Asiatic birds. The restless and beautiful little longtailed rose-finch was to be seen and also several Eastern Asiatic species of the *Emberiza*. Further down in the river valley we made our first acquaintance with the beautiful blue magpie. These birds have a strange distribution. Except in the Far East they only live in the mountainous woodlands of Spain. On our second day's excursion we made acquaintance with the hazel-grouse, which we came across almost every day and which provided us with as good meals as did the pheasants which we shot lower down in the river valley.

In addition to magpies and carrion crows, which are very numerous in Korea, we also met with turtle-doves and cliff pigeons as well as a jay or two. Occasionally eagles came into view soaring over the hill-tops while sparrow-hawks and kestrels went ravaging among the smaller birds down below. A pair of hawk-owls had their nest in a glade about two miles from our hut.

We also came upon the tracks of wild boar in this wood but they were not numerous as the nature of the ground was not suitable for them, any more than it was for roe deer which were seldom to be seen. The pretty little ground squirrel which had been hiber-

nating had just begun to waken and we saw some of these beautiful and active little animals almost every day among the stones and tree-trunks. It was obvious that they felt safer on the ground than up in the trees, for whenever they were frightened while up aloft they came tearing down the trunk and made off for safety into some kind of hole in the ground instead of remaining up on the tree like ordinary squirrels. There were hares also and an occasional bat, awaked and dazzled by the sun and flying about in broad daylight among the trees. In the evening it was too cold for them to fly, for there was frost almost every night.

The Koreans who dwelt in this district were almost all connected with the Japanese Company which is responsible for its development. There were just a few Japanese to act as overseers and for their use a little temple was built upon a high cliff in the wilds. Here they were accustomed to gather on New Year's Day to do honour to the Emperor's ancestors.

We spent several weeks in this river valley and made a good beginning there with our zoological collection, but we came to realize that this kind of Korean region was very difficult to get about in, consisting as it did almost entirely of steep hills and deep valleys. Great dead tree branches blown down by the wind covered the ground in the woods, blocking the way through them, and there were also any number of dense bushes with unpleasant spikes in among the trees. No new leaves had yet made their appearance on them, but the first shy spring flowers, white anemones, were already to be seen on the southern slopes while the northern slopes still lay deep under the snow.

Another herald of spring was the lively concert which the frogs began to send forth from some of the streams and stretches of water. A lizard or two crept out into

the open to bask in the sun and caterpillars also appeared upon the scene. Next we saw the first detachments of the migratory birds, wagtails, starlings, blue-tails and others. All these arrived while we were still out on the first expedition.

Presently we made our way back to Shuotsu Onsen where our house had been made ready for us in the meantime.

## TO THE LAKES AT THE SIBERIAN FRONTIER

IN THE North Eastern corner of Korea where the Tumen River divides the country from Siberia and thus forms a frontier between it and Soviet Russia there are two lakes, Nishibanpo and Higashibanpo, quite close to the sea. The countryside adjoining these lakes is flat and open but it is surrounded by mountains and hills on the slopes of which grow forests of pine.

On the plain all round the lakes are cultivated fields and here and there small clusters of Korean huts of clay. The sea-coast alternates between steep cliffs and wide stretches of sand.

It was to this region we moved towards the close of April, after we left the Shuotsu valley. I felt it was likely that these lakes would turn out to be a convenient resting place for a lot of migratory birds on the way to their summery abodes in North Eastern Asia.

The distance from Shuotsu was about 100 miles by the route we intended taking. A somewhat irregular but relatively good road lies along the Korean coast of the Sea of Japan. It is practicable for motor cars and we made the journey in a Chevrolet. We had to climb twenty-two ascents and the heavily-laden car sometimes had great difficulty in negotiating the zig-zag ways up them.

It was a cold raw day and up on the heights we

sometimes were swallowed up in the low drifting clouds. We found ourselves travelling a thinly inhabited region with only a few Korean villages down in the valleys. Now and again we met natives carrying heavy burdens and we passed a good many ox-wagons. One of these drove right into our car and damaged our splashboard although our chauffeur pulled up in good time. He jumped down immediately and went for the driver of the wagon, smacking him on the head repeatedly while shouting out at him the grossest terms of abuse in the Korean language. This seemed to settle the matter and we proceeded on our course.

There are three relatively small towns along this stretch of the Korean coast, among them Rashin. This the Japanese intend to enlarge into a gigantic seaport which will deal with a large proportion of Manchukuo's products, and which will become a serious rival to Vladivostok in respect to the exportation of the soya beans. An increasing activity was manifested in the town. Masses of new houses were in active construction: huge cranes and dredging machines were clattering away in the harbour.

After practically a whole day's drive we at last reached the lakes in the evening and made our way into the courtyard of a Korean house in the village of Taigando in which we proposed to stay. The Korean family who occupied it welcomed us cordially and we installed ourselves in our room, while the rain began to beat down on the roof.

We felt frozen to the bone after our journey and were appreciative of the heated clay floors in the house.

Like the Japanese, the Koreans have no furniture in their homes and always sit on the floor. Whereas the Japanese use charcoal in braziers to warm their rooms, the Koreans depend on the fireplace in their kitchen

from which the smoke permeates all the floors of the house. The flues through which the smoke goes up have an outlet in a common chimney which usually stands a little away from the house. As the smoke has to make its way through a number of crooked flues before it gets from the fireplace at one end of the house to the chimney at the other, there is no risk of sparks in the chimney. The chimneys, therefore, are often made of wood—four thick boards bound together—sometimes even of straw-mats wound round some laths. I saw one chimney made of birch-bark.

Yes, it was fine to sit on the warm floor and not less so to proceed (by the light of our Swedish Primus lamp) to eat our fill of our evening meal, rice and crabs. We had bought the crabs *en route*.

Full of eager hopes, we set out next morning on our explorations. It was soon evident that we should find any number of ducks on the lakes. We reckoned presently that on the smaller of the two lakes alone there were several thousands. The first we saw were widgeons, tufted ducks, garganys, common teals, mallards, pintails, shovellers, and a few single specimens of the mandarin duck. Grey and white herons walked about in the low water and in the adjoining marshes.

Snipes of different kinds tripped about on the banks. Most conspicuous of all were the beautiful dusky red-shanks but we saw also different species of sandpipers and others; they were waiting for better weather before moving further north to the wastes of Siberia.

Out on the marshes adjoining the lakes we came upon great numbers of the charming little quail. In these parts they belong to the breeding birds and nearly all appeared in pairs. Their characteristic cry could be heard in every direction out over the fields

when the weather was fine and it recalled to me an excursion I made to the Egyptian deltalands fifteen years before. Pheasants are very plentiful in Korea and here by the lakes we came upon them every day.

Among the most notable new acquaintances in the bird world we met in this region was a very beautiful harrier in black and white (*Circus melanoleucus*.) He used to fly on a low level—about four yards from the ground—to and fro over the marshlands on the lookout for voles and it was a great joy to watch him through my field glasses as he pursued his search, now and again crowned with success.

Other birds of prey which were to be seen almost every day were ospreys, kites and sparrow-hawks. The latter always did well as there were any number of wagtails, tit-larks, sparrows and other small birds for them. Skylarks sang all day. In a cliff we found an eagle-owl which gave forth its peculiar cry in the evenings. He also must have had no difficulty about stocking his larder for there were plenty of hares about. Ground squirrels were frequent, too.

Up on the heights surrounding the lakes we met with roe deer which are numerous here, but no wild boar. The latter do not thrive in these regions which are almost treeless. Leopards, however, haunted the mountains some miles inland.

From the mountain slopes, carpeted by the red-violet Azalea in full flower, we had splendid views over the whole countryside. The curving line of the Tumen River shone out like silver and in the distance we could see the Siberian mountain ranges which seemed to be covered with small trees. We could make out a few Russian villages through our field-glasses. The scenery was very similar on both sides of the frontier—endless hill after hill as far as the eye could see. Yet one knew

that the inhabitants presented a great contrast in their characters and mode of living.

Gazing southwards we could see the Koreans busy ploughing with their oxen. The spring tillage was now in full swing and on every field they were actively busy.

When we returned to our village after our day's exploring and collecting we would be met always by angry barks from all the dogs of the place who manifestly did not feel amiably disposed to the strangers in their midst. The black long-haired pigs on the other hand merely made themselves scarce on our approach. As they always run loose and have to find their own food, they are not fat and slow like our pigs but as nimble as dogs. The little ones presented a very comic appearance as they darted away from us. When a pig has to be driven some distance the Koreans tie a rope round one of its hind legs and urge it on, while they hold the other end of the rope in their hand. I often met Koreans on the highways driving quite a little herd of pigs before them, each tied in this way.

Pigs and dogs are the children's playmates in the Korean villages and there are any number of children in every house. Perhaps that is because there are so many storks in the country! I have seen flocks of thirty or forty sometimes. Many of these storks pass through Korea on their way to Japan, where, if possible, they have even more business to transact!

Almost every woman you meet out has a child on her back. Marbles is a favourite amusement of the children just as with ours in Sweden. When they are to look their best, the little girls are attired in brightly coloured dresses, red, yellow and green and they look very picturesque.

The Koreans often are greatly disinclined for bathing and in the country their houses are full of vermin,



especially bugs. Whenever we had to spend a night in a Korean hut which seemed to threaten us with this unpleasantness we used to encircle ourselves on the floor with a girdle of hay or grass to keep the bugs occupied during the night. They were prevented thus from being able to get at us before our time for rising in the morning.

## A KOREAN WEDDING

WHILE WE were staying in the village of Taigando I happened one day to hear that a wedding was to take place in our immediate neighbourhood. A young Korean of twenty-three was to be married to a girl of eighteen from a town hard-by. The bridegroom was already a widower and she was to be his second wife. He had a little business of his own in a larger village not far off and he was a Korean of the modern type.

The elaborate time-honoured ceremonies which attend most native weddings were considerably simplified owing to these circumstances. They began with the streaming of the guests into the village from all around. These made their way into a number of different houses and from the steadily increasing noise of their voices it seemed clear that they had made a good start with the preliminary business of refreshments.

At about 4 p.m. a motor car was to be heard coming along and very soon it rolled into the courtyard of a hut near ours. It was a Ford car gaily bedecked with paper garlands. Out of it stepped the bride and her bridesmaid—as we should call her—and vanished quickly into the house.

Not long afterwards an ox-drawn wagon came into the courtyard. It came from the bride's home and

contained her trousseau together with two ornamental brass-mounted wooden chests, which were carried indoors in her new home. When all the contents of the cart had been disposed of, the ox was unharnessed and tied to the car by a rope. Whereupon it at once lay down and began to ruminate in complete disregard of all that was happening round it.

I had now to take a photograph of the bridal pair and this function afforded pleasure all round. The bridegroom meanwhile had expressed the wish that all the wedding cakes and other good things should be included in the picture, so they were brought out of the house and arranged on a small table in the courtyard. There were any number of them—cakes, biscuits, sweets, fruits and in addition a baked cock.

The bridegroom was dressed in black, but wore white gloves, the bride wore a dress which was partly in Korean style, partly European. The former seemed quite at his ease, the latter looked desperately unhappy. But these Korean wives have a very hard time of it! It may well have been the consciousness of this that put her into such a gloomy condition.

The actual marriage ceremony consisted in the bridegroom and bride, surrounded by their relatives, drinking rice-wine together out of a small bowl, the parents of both being first invited by the bride to drink out of it.

The whole evening was spent festively, much food and drink being consumed. Among other victims to the appetites of the wedding-party was the largest pig of the house. Two days before it had paid the penalty of death for providing such good meat.

The young bridegroom, as I have said, had not complied with all the Korean traditions in respect to the wedding, partly because he was of the modern type,

partly because it was his second marriage. It was asserted, too, that he had seen his bride before the wedding although his parents had actually done the choosing for him. A marriage-broker had also had a hand in the negotiations with the bride's parents. The bride had not her eyes blindfolded for the wedding ceremony and some of the older people regarded this omission as a grievous breach of the traditions.

As a rule a Korean young man has no choice whatever in respect to his future wife. When he nears the marriageable age, and often earlier, his parents begin to look out for a suitable wife for him. They have recourse to a go-between who for a given fee puts them into touch with possible brides. Such a go-between has a very wide circle of acquaintances. He makes it his business to find out everything about the economic standing of all the families of the region and no family scandal can elude him. He takes note for his own purpose of every bit of gossip that reaches his ears. He always has an abundance of suitable marriage-candidates available to meet the current demand.

This go-between—who sometimes may be a woman—begins actual negotiations by going to the house of the girl in question, informing her parents that a certain family has a marriageable son and inquiring whether they think he would do for their daughter. The means of the young man and of his family are exhaustively gone into and an astrologist is commissioned to ascertain whether the names and birthdays of the young couple be in right accord.

If the girl's parents welcome the proposal, the intending bridegroom sends as a betrothal gift a big consignment of cotton and silk material, finely-made shoes and various other things, all of which are brought to the girl by some young men. If the bridegroom's

parents are poor, it may happen that a number of these things are borrowed by them, and the unhappy bride has to return them when she has moved into her new home. Throughout the East what is most important is that appearances be kept up! In return for the bridegroom's presents the bride's family send him clothes, usually two complete costumes. In the meantime the betrothed have not had a glimpse of each other.

With the help of the astrologist a suitable date is now fixed for the wedding. On the wedding-day the bridegroom proceeds with great pomp and circumstance to the bride's home to fetch her. He rides thither in brightly-coloured wedding costume on a horse which is decked out for the occasion, and he is accompanied by a number of male friends. A great many delicacies are carried along by them and a roast goose or, failing that, a wooden image of one. The goose is a symbol of wedded fidelity but this is demanded only of the wife. On the arrival of the bridegroom at the bride's home she is brought into the room to meet him. She has never seen him before and she cannot see him even now as her eyes are blindfolded. Her face is so powdered that it is quite white.

After a ceremonial meal of which the bridegroom partakes, but not the bride, they proceed to the bridegroom's house.

The bride takes her place in a covered sedan-chair. She carries all her clothes with her in a wooden chest which is provided with many fine fittings and metal adornments. This chest is wound round with brightly-coloured cloth. The bride's parents accompany the couple to the bridegroom's house where the wedding festival takes place. The bride is now regarded as dead to her own family and merged in that of the bridegroom.

The bride has her eyes still blindfolded when she

reaches the bridegroom's house. She is now led into it from the sedan-chair by two women and placed upon a cushion on the floor where she has to remain seated while the table is being prepared for the wedding-feast. Her first duty in the new home is to hand the rice-wine bowl to the bridegroom's parents and then to him. She then kneels down on the floor and bows first to her future parents-in-law and then to her future husband. Now it is her turn to be offered the rice-wine by him and she puts her lips to it. Now she is married.

The bride must not say a word throughout the whole wedding-ceremony, nor must she say a word for several days after. The longer she can keep silent, the more she is esteemed.

The practice of having the bride's eyes blindfolded all the day is not now always kept up but usually she is blindfolded still during the whole of the wedding festivities.

Young Korean girls who want to be good brides practise by the hour sitting with closed eyes. This is regarded as a mark of being well brought up.

As the bridegroom and bride have never seen each other before, they are not infrequently let in for an unpleasant surprise on their wedding-day. It sometimes happens that the broker is employed to marry off a girl who is blind or squint-eyed or deaf or exceptionally ugly. In such a case he is given a higher fee and he seldom fails to "bring it off", though he may not find things easy. Sometimes the husband's disappointment is so acute, however, when he sets eyes on the bride that he simply sends her back at once. In such a case the bride's parents have to indemnify the bridegroom for the costs of the wedding. I know of one case when the bridegroom became insane when he saw his bride! Should there be several such mishaps

to the discredit of the marriage-broker he acquires a bad reputation, of course and thrives no longer.

When the wedding is over, the important thing for the bride is to establish good relations with her mother-in-law. The mother-in-law—a person as feared in Korea as elsewhere—hands over as much work as possible to the bride, who has to dance attendance on her from morning till night. The son's young wife has many duties but almost no rights.

It is not unusual for the mother-in-law, who recalls how she had to suffer when young, to make up for it by almost plaguing her daughter-in-law to death. There are a great many bad mothers-in-law in Korea, although there are certainly good specimens too. Sometimes things get to such a pass that the young wife commits suicide, either by plunging into a river or by taking a big dose of washing powder, a commodity kept in every house. Its effect is to burn up her inside appallingly and she dies with terrible agonies.

Many Koreans are Christians nowadays, and, when these marry, the wedding of course is carried out in accordance with Christian rites and in a church generally. In the towns the bridal pair are wont to appear in European clothes which they hire for the occasion, but the bridegroom prefers to wear some kind of uniform if possible—preferably some foreign military uniform. I am told that he sometimes is able to hire some such uniform from some enterprising shop.

Some weeks after the wedding the young wife is entitled to revisit her old home. She often stays there some weeks, during which she tells her people how things have gone with her. Sometimes a bad mother-in-law exercises self restraint until after this visit has been paid so as to avoid being complained about, but lets herself go when the young wife returns.

Should the husband not be satisfied with his wife he can send her back at once. It is the wife and her family who are blamed in such cases. And if there be other daughters in the family they have more difficulty in getting married if the first is thus sent home.

A Korean family's greatest desire is for a son who shall carry on the family name and offer up sacrifices to the spirits of his ancestors. The greatest misfortune that can happen in a marriage, therefore, is that it should be childless or produce only daughters. Daughters are expensive to have married and when they marry their work is lost to their family. According to a local proverb a Korean family which has five daughters and no sons is so poor that it isn't worth a thief's while to burgle their house.

Should there be no son, the husband is entitled to take another wife. He is free to choose this wife himself and he often chooses a so-called "Kisan" or dancer. These dancers, like the Japanese Geisha, are often very pretty. The first wife is not entitled to prevent the man from having the second wife to live in the same house, but as the man knows that there is apt to be trouble between the two wives should they in fact live in the same house he often takes another house for the second wife if he can afford to do so. If the second wife bears him a son, the child is usually registered as the first wife's as this is held to look better.

Should a wife bear no children this is regarded as a punishment for some sin. But she can make amends for it by being kind to the second wife and still more to the second wife's children. You may often see a first wife looking after a second wife's children as kindly as though they were her own, therefore. I once stayed in a house in which the first wife had no children and the second had five. The former busied herself all day



looking after these children. The two wives seemed to hit it off very well.

According to the law a girl must be fifteen and a boy seventeen to be marriageable, but in practice Koreans often get married much earlier. In such cases they do not register the marriage until they have attained the prescribed ages.

A poor Korean couple who has a son and who is too poor to afford a wedding of the traditional kind with all the wedding presents involved will often go to another poor family who has quite young daughters and take one of these to live with them until she is marriageable, so that she may then wed their son, the necessity for the ceremonial presents thus being obviated and only a simple wedding festival taking place.

It sometimes happens also that quite small girls of poor families are bought by a broker and afterwards sold as wives to men in other parts of Korea long before they have reached the marriageable age. The price runs to about 60 or 70 yen and a bill is made out just as in the case of any other merchandise. The Korean out-door servant of one of my acquaintances in Keijo bought a young wife in this way for his son through a woman broker for 70 yen. A girl who is bought in this way belongs to the purchaser absolutely and may be sold again by him.

When a Korean wife dies, the husband as a rule begins at once to look about for a new one. A missionary told me that on the way back from the funeral of a Korean wife he was asked by the widower if he could help to find him a new one. This same missionary told me that he now never writes to condole with a man on a wife's death as by the time the letter would reach him he has nearly always arranged to marry another.

## TO THE VILLAGES OF ENGAN AND SHINTEN

AFTER OUR RETURN from the lakes we at once equipped ourselves for our next journey and left our headquarters on the 22nd of May. Our immediate destination now was a place named Engan, situated at a height of nearly 4,000 feet in the interior of the Northern Kankyo Province. We travelled southwards first by railway along the coast of the Sea of Japan, through cultivated regions—rice plantations chiefly. At a station named Kishu we changed trains, going in a north-western direction up towards the mountains in the interior.

The railway now went through a valley in whose depths a torrent rushed along. On both sides of the valley precipitous cliffs rose up, grown over with dense leafy woods and bushes. All in the new green of spring.

Slowly and with difficulty the train began presently to climb its way up into the higher slopes. We had plenty of time to see how the Koreans work on their fields. The rice-plantations gave way to fields for oats, wheat, peas, beans, and potatoes. Even on the very steepest slopes, which from our train seemed almost perpendicular the Koreans had their small plots of cultivated soil. As they moved about in them in their white clothes they looked like phantoms. It seemed to me always that they were in peril of their lives and I

expected at any moment to see one or other of them slip and go tumbling down into the depths.

The higher we got, the narrower grew the valley and the fewer the signs of life. The railway made a long succession of curves and zig-zag tracks and went through many tunnels. At times we were on the edge of steep declivities. Finally we found ourselves in a region all the trees in which had been cut down. It looked quite barren but there were Korean huts with bits of cultivated ground even up here. Our train toiled up and up. We could not but admire the Japanese engineers who had built the railway through these mountainous wilds.

Just before darkness fell we reached the terminus, the station of Hakugan. Here we had to spend the night, proceeding next day by a narrow gauge line. At the station we were besieged by porters from the three inns of the place. They all sang the praises of the particular establishments they represented and when we asked which was nearest the station each declared in favour of his own. We decided in favour of the porter who looked most respectable and he led us to a small Japanese hostelry which was by no means bad for a place so situated.

Next morning we continued our journey on the narrow gauge railway which climbs up to a height of 5,200 feet. After that we began to go down again. The woods which we now passed through consisted almost entirely of dead larch trees which had been laid waste by forest fires. For mile after mile we saw nothing but these dead larches. Low down in the valley however, we came on poplars and willows and other leafy trees. The dead larches had been a depressing spectacle. We were told that the fires had gone on for months and had ravaged large regions.

After a journey of two hours this railway reached its terminus at the little station of Sanyodai. From this point it was a distance of about twelve miles to the village of Engan where we expected to make a stay. Putting our baggage on pack-horses we set out on foot at once, reaching Engan in the afternoon. According to the natives, no Europeans had ever before visited the place. Naturally they all wanted to have a good look at us.

We spent a fortnight at Engan wandering about among the woods and through the valleys. We made a good many new acquaintances in the animal world during this brief period. Not far from where we stayed a colony of pika (*Ochotona coreana*) had their haunt. They are small tail-less rodents which live in holes in the ground and live together in colonies. Like bears, they sleep in their holes all the winter. In the summer they are all the livelier. They feed on grass and all kinds of plants. They keep as a rule in among heaps of stone where an enemy cannot follow them. They have large ears and eyes. They are about mostly at night. You discover where they are generally by hearing the clear whistling sound which they give out.

If you take up your position near one of their holes you don't have to wait long as a rule before one of them appears. As I sat waiting and watching, one would come up occasionally out of a hole just by me, take a few nibbles at some leaves, squeal out as though someone had stuck a knife into him, duck his head, and suddenly disappear into his hole again.

Among the mammals there were also roe deer and ground squirrels. We saw many of the latter on our rambles but not so many of the former.

In the river which went foaming through the valley

could be seen fantastically beautiful mandarin ducks swimming about on the short reaches where the water grew quiet. They had their nests in holes in trees sometimes a mile or more away from the river. The beautiful harlequin ducks also had their *habitat* here.

Where the bushes and brushwood grew along the riverside we sometimes found blue magpies, occasionally in colonies, and countless small birds were to be heard singing all day long. We heard the cuckoo also from morning till night and there were plenty of pheasants there as everywhere else in Korea. Every evening too we heard the nightjar.

There are a good many poisonous snakes in Korea and we came upon them often during our expedition. If I had no receptacle to put them in I used to take off my stockings and let them work their way into them through a gun-barrel. When the snake had wound itself completely out of the muzzle of the gun into the stocking I would tie this up with a handkerchief or a piece of string and stick the little bundle into my game-bag. In this way it was easy to carry it home undamaged for subsequent preservation in its spirit-jar. Sometimes, however, the snakes were too bulky to get through the gun-barrel.

During our stay in this region a Korean festival took place, occupying three days. On the first day the Koreans made their way up to their grave-mounds situated on the slope of a hill. Here they proceeded with a number of ceremonies in honour of their dead. They took with them a number of small tables and a plentiful supply of food and drink which they set out on the tables. These delicacies were supposed to be for the dead but the tables had hardly been laid before the mourners began to tuck into them in anything but a mournful spirit.

On the second day—it was the 6th of June—a great athletic display was given in the village and great crowds flocked into it from all around, men, women and children all in festive costumes. There must have been at least a thousand in all. The men took part in wrestling contests, the women in swinging. The rain came down in sheets almost the whole day but the sun came out for a couple of hours in the afternoon and it was then that the fun began.

The school-children were kept together in rows but all the others were free to place themselves wherever they liked on the outskirts of the playground which was enclosed within a rope made of straw. A cart-load of sawdust had been emptied on to the section of the ground on which the wrestling was to take place.

The smallest schoolboys began the wrestling—little fellows of six and seven stepping forth into the arena and wrestling away until one of them threw the other amid universal applause. Older boys then had their turn and when one or other of them distinguished himself by defeating several competitors in succession the applause became wild and he had to go up and receive a prize, which consisted generally of a lead-pencil, a block of writing-paper, a couple of spools of cotton or some other useful object. Then came wrestlers of still larger size and finally fully grown men. Now the contests became more exciting than ever, the spectators shouting and yelling for all they were worth.

After the wrestling came the swinging. A big swing had been erected. Whoever swung highest won the prize. The heights attained were marked by a string which had to be touched. Swinging would seem to be the favourite exercise for girls in Korea. I have seen very large swings of this kind in many Korean villages

and they are used by girls only. All the girls on this occasion wore handsome national costumes. The women spectators secured places for themselves quite near the swings at the start of the competition but all drew close while it was in progress.

The competition seemed to be restricted to girls of marriageable age. I expected that they would sit on the seat but they all stood on it. The first competitor was a really handsome girl and in due course we were to see what Engan could show in the matter of female charms. Some of the competitors swung up to an astonishing height, winning loud applause as well as the allotted prizes. To prevent their skirts from flying up into their faces they all made a kind of jerk with their knees at the right moment. A great number of the women looking on carried babies on their backs and these babies were duly fed in the course of the festival. Many of the intending competitors were still awaiting their turn when the rain began to pelt down on us once more, dispersing the whole joyous crowd in their brightly-coloured clothes.

One day when I was on my way through a wood I came upon two Koreans who were busy reclaiming a bit of land. I went up to them and watched them at work, and got talking with them. Presently one of them asked what country I came from. He did not know where Sweden was. So I told him it was in Europe. That seemed to convey something to him for he at once explained to his companion that Europe lay somewhere in America.

As soon as we had finished our work in Engan we moved on to the Manchurian frontier, putting all our equipment as before on pack-horses. We passed through leafy woods and larch woods and gradually made our way up to heights from which we had

wonderful views over distant mountains. Torrents thundered down into the precipitous depths below us, often swollen out of their courses by the recent deluge of rain.

At a Korean inn at which we put up for the night the tariff was as follows: Supper, night's lodging and breakfast 65 sen; for horses 35 sen; for oxen 40 sen. For a night's lodging merely a man paid only 5 sen. Lower terms than this I have never met with. But the accommodation was very primitive certainly—a clay floor for as many as the room would hold. Even if one were alone one did not lack company, for there would always be a certain number of bugs—as almost everywhere else in such Korean dwellings.

Next day we had to get across a swift stream swollen by the rain. A Korean offered to take our horses over on a kind of canoe. I agreed with some misgivings. The canoe was constructed out of a poplar trunk and had boards fixed along both its sides to stabilize it.

First he took our baggage across, then one of the horses was led down to the canoe and a bit of cloth was tied round his eyes so that he could not see what was in store for him. But he had strength of mind enough to refuse to get into the canoe blindfolded so the cloth was taken off and he then stepped cautiously into the narrow ferry. One Korean kept hold of his bridle and another clutched his tail, and they pushed off. The horse stood quite still, strange to say and the crossing was made successfully. The other horses were conveyed across in the same way.

Our destination was the village of Shinten, close by the Manchurian frontier. Here we made acquaintance for the first time with Korea's most famous song bird, the Golden oriole (*Oriolus chinensis diffusus*), a migratory bird, which had not yet returned from the



South to the regions we had previously visited. His clear flute-notes came forth from the poplar groves, where starlings and jackdaws bred in great numbers. On the river we saw the little blue kingfisher and many other interesting birds of different kinds.

Only two weeks earlier the idyllic little village had been a scene of tragedy. A body of fifteen or twenty bandits had descended upon the place and carried off two of the inhabitants whom they took up into the woods. A force of seventy police were sent in pursuit of them. Two of the bandits had been shot down by the police and one had to throw away his gun while fleeing from them. When the bandits saw that the game was up they shot one of their captives. The other, a boy of sixteen managed to escape. For a whole week no one in the village dared to sleep, so I was assured. The inhabitants all had fires burning at night outside their houses to show they were on the alert. But all was quiet again now and the police had reported that most of the bandits had been traced over the Manchurian frontier.

The proprietor of the inn in which we stayed at Shinten had two wives. The first of them had no children while the second had five. The two wives were evidently good friends, for we were always seeing the first going about with one or other of the second wife's youngest children on her. In fact she looked after the whole lot of them exactly as though they were her own.

From Shinten there is a narrow gauge railway connected with the line along the coast so we were able to get back to our headquarters by train. It was a great satisfaction to be back there and find a month's post awaiting us, to say nothing of the comfort of indulging in a Japanese hot bath.



BROAD-BILLED ROLLER.



NATIVE TRYING TO REACH THE NEST OF THE BROAD-  
BILLED ROLLER.



FROM THE FEAST IN SHARIIN.



THE ORCHESTRA.



CARNIVAL FIGURE, SHARIIN.



ONE OF THE PERFORMERS AT THE FEAST IN SHARIIN.

## A LYNX CUB

A FEW DAYS after our return to Shuotsu, a Korean knocked at the door and asked whether I would buy a live tiger cub, which a man whom he knew had captured. "Are you certain it is a tiger cub and not a leopard?" I asked.

Absolutely certain, he declared. He went on to say that the man in question lived eight or nine miles from Shuotsu. I accompanied him to the place in question and, as Koreans have a very lively imagination, I was not surprised to find that the alleged tiger cub was in reality only a lynx cub.

It was of about the size of a small cat and was a most attractive little beast. The owner asked 60 yen for it. He can never have hoped to get so much but he began with that figure. I paid him 35 yen for it. If I could have spared a whole day for bargaining I dare say I need not have paid more than twenty or fifteen.

I asked the man how he got hold of it.

"I was wandering in the forests about twenty miles from Shuotsu," he replied. "Suddenly I saw a female lynx with two cubs a little way ahead of me. When she caught sight of me, she took fright and began to make off with the cubs after her. But they were too small to keep pace with her and, by putting on a spurt, I managed to get near and to catch this one. I then tried

to catch the other also, but then the mother stopped and looked as though she would spring at me. She looked so fierce that I was frightened and made off as quickly as ever I could, carrying this little fellow."

Thus it was that I became owner of the charming little cub and carried him home. We then fixed up a big box to keep him in with wire netting across one side of it and covered the floor with hay. Having put him in this, we placed before him a saucer full of meat and a bowl of water. The little fellow went for the meat and devoured it ravenously and then drank. He had been confined in a smaller box at first and he was evidently pleased with his new quarters. He rolled about all over it, played with his paws and with the hay and the saucer and bowl just like a kitten.

Next day we allowed him to go free in the room and this he enjoyed tremendously. The worst of it was that he wanted to try his teeth on everything and to play with everything that was loose. If I gave him a ball he would roll it about by the hour. When it rolled away from him he would first crouch down and follow it with his eyes, then make long springs after it just as though it was a mouse.

When he became tired of play he would jump up on the knees of one of us and want to lie there and go to sleep. After a few days he was entirely at home and constituted himself our domestic cat, and although our hand were the worse of his teeth and claws, we were all three quite fond of him.

We decided to take him with us on our next expedition. He had now the new experience of travelling by train and motor car for long stretches and of staying at hotels where the staff spoiled him terribly, giving him all kinds of delicacies. When we installed ourselves presently in a Korean dwelling in the village of Gekat-



suri in the Southern Kankyo province, there was a puppy in the house with whom he became very good friends. They played about together in the courtyard and evidently enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

As a natural result of this all the children of the village had to come and look on and our courtyard was besieged by them. And not by children only. It really seemed that the entire population of Gekatsuri had found their way there.

Yes, we all three of us became genuinely attached to our little lynx and we would gladly have kept him for good but when we got back to Shuotsu we decided that it would be altogether too troublesome to take him with us on our next adventure—the climbing of Korea's highest mountain, Paiktusan, near the Manchurian frontier. So I telegraphed to my friend Shimokoriyama at the Zoological Gardens at Keijo to ask if he would care to have a lynx cub for that institution. He replied that he would welcome one and accordingly I despatched the little animal thither at once.

We left Shuotsu again at the beginning of July. Our immediate destination was a place named Gekatsuri, in the interior of the Southern Kankyo province. We travelled by train in a southerly direction to Kanko, the capital of the province where we stayed a day to visit the head of the police and make some purchases. We stayed at a Japanese hotel. I had with me a kingfisher, a lovely little blue specimen which I had got possession of when it was only two days old. It was now almost fully grown and it had to be fed on living fish.

There proved to be difficulty in obtaining living fish in the town but there was a gold fish pond in the hotel courtyard and I asked the proprietor if I might buy gold fish for my kingfisher. There was no objection to



my doing this, so the little bird satisfied his needs thenceforth with a small gold fish every hour. The price was not ruinous for gold fish cost next to nothing in Korea.

Next day we again proceeded by railway. Throughout the journey we were travelling uphill and at the foot of a very steep bit we went up by a funicular. An enormous power station was just in process of completion at one point. We were told that it was to cost 120,000,000 yen. It was to supply power as far as Manchukuo.

We reached Gekatsuri in the afternoon and took up our quarters in a Korean guest-house. This guest-house I shall never forget because it broke all previous records in the matter of bugs. Half a dozen bugs promenading about on a wall are a frequent sight in Korean dwellings and evoke no special attention. But at Gekatsuri Fujimoto, who had the room next ours, had to kill fifteen the first night, twenty-two the second, and forty-seven the third.

The Koreans, as I have perhaps remarked before, do not bother about bugs. I have on several occasions sat talking with Koreans who have sat smoking their pipes and watching with interest the progress of bugs up and down their walls without its occurring to them to kill the pests. Often their walls are covered with white paper on which the bugs stand out very conspicuously. In some houses the Koreans are wont to kill them on this white paper, which are thus horribly stained, of course. On several occasions when I have come into a room the white paper has been so covered with such stains that at first sight I have imagined that the room had coloured wallpaper!

Gekatsuri, which lies at a height of more than 3,200 feet above sea-level, is a large village with more than

2,000 inhabitants. There is an exceptional number of Chinese there, naturally engaged in business.

The scenery was open, with larch groves dotted about here and there. There were a great many large poplars also. A notable feature of the landscape was the wide-extending marshes on which irises grew in thousands.

The region was to prove rich for our purposes. Marsh harriers went gliding over the marshland. Golden orioles were breeding in among the poplars, blue magpies and rose finches flew about in the river valleys. One of the most notable of Eastern Asia's song birds, the ruby-throated nightingale, Calliope, which was one of my favourites during my Kamtchatka expedition, where I listened night after night to its wonderful notes, was breeding here. So we were kept busy all day observing and collecting.

One day I was visited by an English-speaking Korean. He had been in America and had come to this village from Keijo to be present at a big feast which was to be given at a place some miles away. The feast was being given by the company which had built the great power station as a farewell banquet to a large number of Koreans who had been forced to sell their properties and go off to other districts because their land was required for a gigantic reservoir, as large as a lake. The water had not yet been let in but in a few days' time a stretch of land occupied for generations by Korean peasants would be changed into a lake.

I took part in this function to which hundreds of Koreans were invited. The banquet was held out in the open and began with a number of speeches delivered by Japanese and Koreans. After this came the actual feasting, with streams of rice-wine flowing. A Korean jazz-band played during the meal. Then a number of

Korean Geisha, the Kisan, gave a performance of Korean and Japanese dances. There was also a Korean comedy in which a couple of women's rôles were taken by men. It was a huge success, evoking shouts of laughter from the guests who were all seated on straw mats on the ground.

On returning from this banquet, I found awaiting me a telegram from a good Japanese friend of mine, to tell me that a Japanese expedition to the summit of Paiktusan under military escort would start on July the 26th from a place named Mozan on the Manchurian frontier. I had already made up my mind to take part in this expedition should I be given permission. Having now obtained this, we at once hastened to Mozan by way of Shuotsu.

## UP KOREA'S SACRED MOUNTAIN, PAIKTUSAN

ON THE FRONTIER between Korea and Manchukuo rises the "Sacred Mountain" of Paiktusan, 8,918 feet. It is the highest mountain in Korea and for many centuries Chinese and Koreans have worshipped to the spirits of the mountain. It is an extinct volcano and within its mighty crater lies "The Lake of Heaven" which is sacred also.

The first Europeans who ascended Paiktusan were James, Younghusband and Fulford, who approached it from the Manchurian side in 1886. Several other Europeans since then have made the ascent from the Korean side. The ascent is rendered difficult now by the circumstances that the great forests all round the mountain have become a permanent resort for well-armed Chinese and Korean bandits. It is now impossible to visit Paiktusan without a military escort unless you like to risk falling into the hands of these robber bands.

A good many of the numerous Manchurian bandits who since the creation of the new state of Manchukuo have been more sternly dealt with than formerly have now crossed over the frontier into Korea and have found a happy hunting-ground in the Paiktusan region. They vary their proceedings, sometimes shooting at sight and then robbing their dead victims at once, sometimes taking them up into mountain

recesses and holding them to ransom. They display great skill in the way in which they manage this.

From the first my Korean programme had included a visit to Paiktusan, an ascent of its summit, and a stay in the adjoining woods for the study of their wild life. I have told of the telegram I received at Gekatsuri. The sender of that message had since written to tell me that the military escort would consist of fifty Japanese soldiers, fully armed, together with ten officers and some policemen. The start was to be made from Mozan, which is the terminus of a narrow gauge railway, at 9 a.m. on July 26th.

We reached Mozan on the afternoon of the 25th and made acquaintance at once with some of the members of the expedition, among whom I found several of my Keijo acquaintances.

Apart from the military and police the expedition included more than fifty Japanese and Koreans. We were a very mixed gathering of men. There were Japanese scientists and mountaineers, a doctor, and a score or so of students, all glad to have the chance of visiting the Sacred Mountain without danger from the bandits.

From Mozan we proceeded in seven motor-trucks along an excellent road to the village of Nojido, a distance of about thirty miles. Our course for a great part of the way lay along the banks of the Tumen River which here formed the boundary between Korea and Manchukuo. The road went upwards to wooded heights, and we sometimes skirted yawning chasms. In such wild regions of Korea there are no fences of any kind along the roads so it is the traveller's own business if he drives his car over the edge and changes it into a rubbish heap down in the depths, he himself departing to another world.

Moving down the Tumen far below us we could see the big timber rafts, queer looking contrivances narrower in front, where a man steered them with a single oar, than at the back. There were as a rule two men in charge of each and they had their work cut out to navigate them through the rapids and the river's twists and turns. It was a very picturesque scene.

We arrived in due course at Nojido where the Japanese maintain a strongly fortified police-station which is surrounded by manifold lines of barbed wire and by walls with gun-embrasures. The bandits contrived formerly to provide themselves with arms by raids on the police-stations. On our way to Nojido one of my Japanese fellow-travellers was able to point out to me one such station all the police in which had been overcome by bandits on a dark night and deprived of all their arms and ammunition. The bandits had subsequently disappeared into Manchukuo.

At seven o'clock next morning we set out from Nojido. The expedition was now provided with about fifty horses, of which about fifteen were to be ridden, the others being used as pack-horses. Each pack-horse was accompanied by its Korean owner, all of them having been engaged in the village itself.

Men, women and children now streamed out of all the squalid little Nojido dwellings to see the start which had been heralded with a flourish of trumpets. After a morning shower the day became brilliantly fine, and extremely hot. The rain, we heard, had been continuous during the previous twenty-four hours. The road which we followed was in many places deep in liquid mud which was a trouble to most of my companions. I was glad to be wearing my rubber boots though they became uncomfortably warm.

After proceeding for some miles over open fields

we reached a little Korean village named Motojondo, where the dense forest-land begins. Here Sjöqvist and Fujimoto had to make a bit of a stay in order to add to our zoological collections but I continued on the ascent of the mountain, rejoining them later. Owing to the rate of the ascent it was impracticable while we were actually engaged on it to do any important collecting. So, having seen my two companions installed in a house in this village, I proceeded on the ascent.

The expeditionary force had as its vanguard some Japanese soldiers with their guns shouldered. Some officers armed with sabres and revolvers, rode as a rule near the soldiers but occasionally moved up and down alongside the whole caravan. After the vanguard came the civilians, divided up into a number of groups, each group spending the nights in its own special tent and supplied with its own food-rations. Finally came the pack-horses and their owners. I was the only European in the whole party.

The road uphill soon came to a woodland made up chiefly of tall larches, alternating with patches of open meadowland and marshes. Nowhere in the world have I seen meadowland with such a marvellous profusion of flowers. There was mile after mile of them. Countless thousands of huge *Trollius* rose up above the level of the other flowers and shone out like golden yellow carpets. Almost as tall as the *Trollius* were the blue-violet *Veronica verticillata*. Here and there one saw also the fiery red blossoms of *Lychnis fulgens* among pink, brickred and violet lilies. White *Angelica* stood out conspicuously among all the other flowers. It was an unforgettable sight.

The caravan wound itself gradually into denser and denser woodland—woodland so dense that sometimes one could see only a few yards in front of one. Once

an hour a trumpeter signalled a halt of fifteen minutes and signalled again when it was over. Occasionally we came upon soft-boggy bits, and had to proceed by small jumps sometimes to avoid sinking into deep mud. A very fine type of harrier (*Circus melanoleucus*) could be seen swooping down here and there at such spots in search of voles.

The horses did not always find it easy to get over these boggy stretches. At one place a pack-horse sank down to his middle and soldiers had to set to work to pull him out again.

There was an abundance of berries in the woods. Bilberries were just ripening and there were plenty of wild strawberries. In addition we saw quantities of a kind of blue oval shaped berry growing on low bushes (*Lonicera edulis*). These were old acquaintances for me as I had found them in Kamtchatka, where their pleasant taste is much appreciated. I used to eat pounds of them. I used to break off a whole crowded branch on my way through the woods.

At lunch-time we took a rest alongside a rivulet which flowed out from among gigantic larches. Our food, fish and rice, was delicious. But we had to hurry as there was a rumbling of thunder and a storm was threatening. Sure enough the rain came down on us in torrents very soon while we were ploughing our way through another bog and the thunder-storm followed. Most of us had got wet through before we could put on our raincoats which were with our other belongings on the pack-horses. The rain continued more or less heavily all day until we struck camp in the evening beside another little stream.

The striking of our camp was a very animated affair. The big tents were fixed up and soon huge fires were ablaze. A number of big dry larch-trees had to be



felled and they came falling down with a tremendous crash. Each tent had to prepare its own meals, every member of the party having been provided with his own military cooking utensils of the same kind as those used in the Swedish army. Each evening everyone was to have his own rations for the following twenty-four hours handed out to him. These consisted of rice, a tin of preserved meat, a little salt fish and sometimes a tin of preserved fruits—mandarin oranges from Japan or pine-apples from Formosa.

The night became chilly and many of the party could not sleep at all on account of the cold. We had the good fortune, however, to escape rain that first night. Moving pictures of the camp-life that evening and next morning were taken by an official photographer sent with us from the capital. This man, as I found in conversation, was very proud of having filmed the Korean visit of the Swedish Crown Prince and Princess some years before.

Immediately before our start next morning at seven o'clock three carrier-pigeons were despatched with reports to Mozan. They were thrown up into the air and were lost to sight immediately in the direction from which we came. These carrier-pigeons were brought for the purpose of sending such messages every day to the garrison and in case the expedition should need reinforcement in the event of an encounter with any exceptionally strong band of brigands. One of the pack-horses carried this living telegraph system. The birds were kept in a flat kind of basket.

All next day we progressed through larch groves which had been ravaged by wood-fires long previously. As before, these groves alternated with marshes. At one o'clock the rain began again and continued all day

without a break and sometimes with such increased intensity that by evening we were all as wet as drowned kittens.

At six we reached a little woodland pool. This was at a height of about 4,000 feet. Here we were to camp for the night and the business of fixing up the tents had to be carried through in the ceaseless downpour. I had with me a tent large enough for two which I had not used the previous night but now I set it up and invited a good friend, Mr. Kotani, a Japanese from Jinsen, to share it with me. We got our food ready and when we had finished supper laid ourselves down to sleep on the soaked ground, the downpour still continuing. It pelted down on our tents all night so we were not all in high spirits next morning!

At seven the trumpet-signal went forth and we continued our march. In the course of the early morning the larch groves began to alternate with spruce groves which consisted of *Picea ajanensis* and *Abies nephrolepis*. It was a splendid virgin forest. The ground was covered with soft moss in which the twinflower grew in extraordinary abundance. As far as the eye could reach it seemed to blossom in every direction. It was like a greeting from Swedish woodlands.

Our road was full of pit-falls and we had to watch our steps very carefully to avoid falling into them. They were made by Korean trappers and were intended for the deer of various species which are to be found in these regions. The deer are in great request on account of their horns which are turned to account by the Chinese as medicine and which fetch fabulous prices.

In all the virgin forests which we were now traversing there were tigers, leopards, lynxes, bears, and wild boar in addition to the deer. But we could not, of

course, count on seeing anything of them, marching along as we were doing in such numbers. The harsh cries of the Koreans urging forward their pack-horses over the streams and bogs and fallen branches of trees were enough in themselves to keep all wild animals away. All we saw was an occasional young boar which had not managed to get out of the way quickly enough. Among larger birds black cock and hazel grouse lived here and on the lower slopes which we had passed, pheasants.

After a whole day in the rain we reached at six o'clock a gaily tumbling rivulet which turned out to be no less than the source of the great Tumen River. All of us by this time were, of course, wet to the skin and more or less worn out. It is true that we had covered only about eighteen miles since the morning but it had been uphill all the time and the ground often had been difficult. Here we were to have our camp and to our great relief the rain stopped in the course of an hour. We had fixed up our tents during this interval. Then the rain began once more and came down unceasingly all night with tremendous force. Anything that had not been wet through before was wet through now. My sleeping-bag of down looked like a drenched dish-cloth.

Next morning was to have seen us start out on the final stage of the ascent but it was still raining and blowing so hard that this seemed impracticable. We decided to wait some hours anyway before making a move. The rain ceased about mid-day after a fall of forty-eight hours minus the one hour's break. It was too late now to think of making the ascent.

In the evening the weather brightened up a bit and it was decided to set out on our last stage at three o'clock at night, if it were fine enough. We had been able to

dry some of our things at the camp fires. So we lay down in good time, hoping for the best.

At 2.15 a.m., the expedition was woken by the trumpet-peal which rang forth stridently through the darkness of our primeval environment. Glancing out through the opening in my tent I could see a sky glittering with stars. All was still. Better weather could not be desired. To creep out of one's sleeping-bag and draw on one's boots was the work of a minute. As soon as I had splashed my face with some water from the icy-cold stream I felt in good form and was able first to consume some corned beef and rice by way of breakfast and then get together the things I should need to have with me.

An hour later the signal rang out for our start. It was absolutely dark in the wood so many who were not provided with electric torches had to improvise torches for themselves. I carried the Swedish Pertrix torch and, as always, it lit up the path before us excellently.

The larch-forest soon came to an end and we came out on open ground. Ere long a feeble streak of red was perceptible in the east and we made our first halt just as the sun was rising. When it rose above the horizon it was hailed with cries of "Banzai!"

Now that the landscape was lit up we could discern a number of alpine plants all round us. The yellow alpine Papaver was to be seen in all directions and there were quantities of alpine roses.

The march went on. There were patches of snow here and there. The tiny furrow down which trickled the rivulet that was to become the Tumen became narrower and narrower, until finally it vanished in among rocks. It was very interesting for me to see the actual source of the Tumen as I had stood and watched

it flowing into the Sea of Japan and had seen something of all its reaches. Quite near its source that other great river the Yalu also has its birth, then flowing in exactly the opposite direction and flowing into the Yellow Sea.

The ascent now was becoming more and more steep. Sand and lava now covered the ground yet the sterile countryside was bright with alpine flowers. The scenery was growing ever wilder and more wonderful with its panoramic views of woods and mountains and the far-away blue ranges of Korea and Manchukuo.

After a final spurt we found ourselves up on the actual walls of the crater. Looking down I gazed upon a sight which will never fade from my memory. It had something unreal about it. There lay the famous Lake of Heaven—a sheet of the bluest water imaginable encircled by the precipitous crater walls with their wild irregular edges. At the outlet of the lake lay a small temple.

Clouds of mist now came sweeping along and hid parts of the lake but at moments they would clear off and we could again see the whole of it. Swifts bred in great numbers in the crevices of the crater walls and we could see many of them as they swept through the air. There was a sharp wind and it was bitterly cold. Gusts of sand also kept blowing about. It was very difficult, therefore, to take the photographs and films I wanted.

On the level plateau right on the highest point of the mountain a ceremony was now to take place. The trumpet-call went forth to summon all together, and the military formed rank in perfect style, facing towards Japan. The other members of the expedition also formed themselves into a group alongside. With fixed bayonets and drawn swords, the following words were then called out with wild enthusiasm: "Tenno heika bansai, Kogo heika bansai!"—Long live His Majesty the Emperor, Long live Her Majesty the



ONE OF MY FLYING SQUIRRELS.



MY TWO KOREAN FLYING SQUIRRELS, WHICH HAVE  
NOW BEEN IN SWEDEN FOR MORE THAN A YEAR.



KOREANS LOOKING FOR THEIR POSSESSIONS AMONG THE RUINS OF THEIR HOUSES IN THE TOWN OF ZENSHU AFTER A DESTRUCTIVE INUNDATION. MORE THAN 100 HOUSES WERE COMPLETELY DESTROYED AND ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE PERSONS DROWNED IN THIS CATASTROPHE.



A KOREAN CAN TRAVEL VERY LONG DISTANCES CARRYING SUCH AN IMMENSE BURDEN OF CHARCOAL LOGS AS THE ONE SEEN ABOVE.





ONE OF THE MANY TEMPLES AMONG THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS.



A KOREAN MONK OUTSIDE THE BEAUTIFULLY CARVED DOOR OF THE TEMPLE.





THE SEA OUTSIDE THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS HAS A BELT OF BEAUTIFUL SKERRIES, OF BAD REPUTE  
AMONG SAILORS.



THIS GIGANTIC FIGURE OF BUDDHA IS CARVED ON THE FACE OF A CLIFF  
AMONG THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS.



"MEYKYODAI" OR "THE CLEAR MIRROR" IS THE NAME OF THIS ISOLATED  
ROCK AMONG THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS.





THERE IS A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF FOREST-CLAD HEIGHTS TO BE HAD FROM THE TOP OF CHIRISAN.



THE KOREAN TOWNS OFTEN HAVE A VERY PICTURESQUE APPEARANCE WITH THEIR THATCHED CLAY-HUTS.

Empress!" The bansai cry was given forth three times with such strength that it would have echoed over the mountains only that the storm of wind was now too fierce. Six carrier-pigeons were then thrown up into the air, each with its message in a metal hoop round its leg.

The rocky surfaces around the crater walls were all yellow with alpine *Papaver* now everywhere in bloom. The yellow blossoms of alpine roses also helped to enliven the barren tracks. In the midst of the stony waste I came upon a little bird which had just got its young ready for flight. It went hopping about among blocks of lava and seemed afraid neither of the cold nor the mist nor the storm. It was a species named *Prunella collaris erythropygius*, a species akin to our hedge-sparrow.

When we had spent a couple of hours up on the summit and along the crater walls, where I made such a collection of plants and animal life as was practicable, we decided to betake us down to the banks of the lake. But we were soon immersed in so thick a mist that we could see only a few yards in front of us. We waited for an hour but the mist grew more and more dense. The Japanese leader of the expedition felt that the risk involved in descending the lava slopes in such circumstances would be too great and after a brief council of war the command "Kaerimasu!" (Return!) suddenly rang out through the mist.

On one of the slopes of the mountain the body of a dead Korean was now found. Whether he had been murdered by bandits or had died from exposure was not to be ascertained as the body was in such a state of putrefaction that no one was inclined to investigate.

On our return we had radiant weather and we enjoyed tremendously our evenings round the camp-fires.

It was a really great experience to see the Sacred Mountain and the Lake of Heaven.

## IN THE FORESTS ROUND MOTOJONDO

AFTER THE ascent of Paiktusan I settled down for a while, with Sjöqvist and Fujimoto in the village of Motojondo which lies in between the primeval forests and the open country. We lived in a Korean house with a very amiable Korean family and made daily excursions into the woodlands and up in the mountain.

Wherever we went we came upon tracks of wild boar which had been turning up the soil in search of roots. It was at night time they were out and about, ravaging potato fields and corn fields. The Koreans made a practice of remaining on the watch at night in small straw huts, with empty pots wherewith they made a tremendous noise to frighten the wild boar away. Generally speaking this din served its purpose but a good many boars were so daring that they stayed on, undisturbedly devouring the potatoes and the corn to the accompaniment of the Korean music. One day a Korean came to us breathlessly and declared that two wild boars had been ravaging a potato field at that very moment in full daylight. They had made off, he said, into the wood when he came upon the scene. He asked us to try and shoot them. We organized a hunt at once but our beaters were too few for it to succeed and we returned empty handed.

There were also numbers of roe deer in the neigh-

bourhood while pheasants and quails were to be found in the open fields and hazel grouse in the woods. At night we heard the curious sound of the night-jar.

We now came to make close acquaintance with a very beautiful bluish-green bird known as *Eurystomus orientalis calonyx*. It is a kind of broad billed roller and is very rare in Korea. It is very shy and as a rule it flies away to a great distance when you try to get near it. As the name *Eurystomus* indicates it opens its mouth very wide. This is a great advantage to it in securing food, which consists of insects caught in flight. When on the look out for such winged insects, it perches high up in some tree, often on a dry branch. The instant it sees its prey it makes a swift dart and catches it, then returning straight to the same branch where it waits without moving for another victim.

It has very broad wings which have a round light blue speck on their under sides, clearly to be seen when they fly. This interesting bird, which has a red beak and red legs, amuses itself every day by executing fancy flights high up in the air. On these occasions it makes its way up over the tree tops and its movements are just like those of a human airman showing off his tricks. Now he darts straight down, now flies straight up, now loops the loop—as one might say—now glides on unmoving wings.

I often watched it going through these strange performances which it seemed to undertake just for fun, or these flights might be the male bird's efforts to fascinate the female. In any case I noted on several occasions the same bird thus performing without my being able to see any sign of any other in the neighbourhood. But the aerial acrobat may of course have been practising with a view to an exhibition later for the benefit of the hen-bird of its choice.



An excellent way of learning to know a wild bird is to bring it up from its infancy. But it is a difficult and laborious task and you must be very attentive and careful if it is to succeed. I was keen on studying the growth of this broad-billed roller from youth to maturity and therefore went in search of a nest. One day at the beginning of August when I was traversing a larch grove in the Motojondo region I caught sight of a pair of broad-billed rollers whose movements seemed to show that they had a nest hard by. I continued to watch them and after several hours search I discovered their nest.

It was built in a hole in a tree, a larch, at a height of about fifty-two feet above the ground. The young ones in the nest cried loudly, when their parents were coming back with food for them. It wasn't possible for me to climb up the tree as the trunk was too thick and there were no branches on the lower part of it, so I decided to return next day with Sjöqvist and Fujimoto.

When we came back to it, we fixed up a long slender birch trunk at an incline against the larch-tree but we were not able to clamber up the latter even from the point where the two met. A Korean who claimed that he could climb any kind of tree then offered to have a try. He had a very good try but he also had to give up.

If I was to secure the young birds, it would be necessary to cut down the tree. I decided to do so as soon as I could get the necessary permission from the local authorities. Having first shot the old birds and added them to our collection, we proceeded to saw through the thick trunk of the larch. The tree fell with a tremendous crash and I rushed forward at once to see whether the nest and the young birds were safe.

To my relief no injury had come to them through the tree's fall. There were three. They had dark green plumage and short tail-feathers and they looked very nice and in good condition. They were at just the right age for being brought up. We returned to Motojondo with our precious trophies in a basket.

Two hours later the little birds had their first meal from us and next day they opened their mouths for all they were worth. We gave them insects, especially dragonflies and grass hoppers. I engaged some small boys to procure insects for them but their appetite soon became so enormous that I needed the services of a whole army of boys to satisfy them. They never seemed to have enough to eat. The moment they caught sight of a human being they began to cry out for more food. Up and down went their lower beaks as quickly and as regularly as though worked by a motor!

I took the three with me to Shuotsu where I provided them with a good-sized cage. They grew speedily and soon reached full maturity. They were very pretty in their bluish-green plumage which was only a trifle more subdued in shade than that of the parent.

Like birds of prey they threw up little balls of the indigestible portions of their food, the hard shells of insects, for instance. There seemed to be no great family affection among the three for they frequently fought. When I gave them their meals it often happened that one of them would prevent another from eating, seizing it by the throat and keeping it away from the food and even trying to torture it in other ways. With the result that the third bird would swallow it all and the misdemeanor was thus deservedly punished.

The three of them were very interesting to study

and their beaks were kept at work all day long even when they were full-grown. If ever they were quiet for a moment they only needed to hear someone talking for their beaks to be set going again.

## A JAPANESE HUNTER

IN THE village of Motojondo a Japanese hunter named Yoshimura lived in the house in which we stayed. As we had so many interests in common we soon became good friends with him and of an evening we would often sit together and talk about our various experiences and adventures. More and more we came to realize that he was a very notable man who had had a singularly varied existence.

For twenty-five years past he had devoted himself to hunting in Korea and had lived exclusively on what his hunting produced. His adventures began when he was a boy of seventeen at Hong Kong. Here a Japanese friend tempted him to accompany him on a journey to the West Indies to catch sharks which fetched high prices in China.

To begin with they sailed over the Pacific with the Philippine Islands as their first destination but one dark night their little steamer ran upon a rock and went down. All on board were drowned except Yoshimura. He declared that he swam about for two days and two nights without finding foothold anywhere. The water was not cold in those latitudes and he economized his strength by swimming only just enough to keep afloat. He hoped to attract the attention of some passing vessel. On the second day he caught sight of a native canoe. The native caught sight of him also but was so

frightened that he paddled away as quick as ever he could.

The same thing happened with a bigger native craft which Yoshimura sighted one night. He called out to the crew but they evidently thought that it was a ghost they saw or something uncanny for they made off in another direction at once. He had been in the water for more than forty-eight hours when he at last sighted another native and got him to understand that he was a man in urgent need and not some monster of the deep.

This native pulled Yoshimura up into his canoe and conveyed him ashore where a crowd of other natives at once swarmed round him. He was very respectfully treated by them all. He was so worn out that he could scarcely move and was of course famished. He was at once given bananas and other fruit to eat. Within a couple of hours the chief man of the place came riding down to the shore, with a rusty sword dangling at his side, and accompanied by a strong bodyguard, to see what kind of strange being it was who had come to them straight out of the sea. This chieftain invited the stranger to his dwelling where Yoshimura lived for two months and where he was very hospitably entertained.

After a time he began to find the life monotonous and he decided to make a move. For five days he wandered about alone, living on wild fruit which was plentiful. Then he met a Chinaman. The two could not talk together but as the Japanese and Chinese both use the same kind of letters they were able to communicate by means of signs drawn on the sand. The Chinaman helped Yoshimura to obtain a boat and in this he contrived to get to the nearest town. Thence he was able to go by steamer to Singapore

where he had several Japanese friends. One of these lent him money enough to go to America—the land of his dreams.

When he reached New York he did not know at first how he could keep himself. Suddenly he remembered that he had thoroughly mastered the art of jiu jitsu in Japan and he decided to utilize this knowledge. He announced that he undertook instruction in jiu jitsu and he soon had a good many American pupils. As soon as he had saved enough money in this way he opened a shop for the sale of Japanese objets d'art. He lived on in New York for ten years, continuing to teach jiu jitsu all the time.

Then his yearning for the Far East became too strong for him and he decided to return. His father had written to him time after time begging him to come back home. On getting back he married and moved to Korea which just then had been annexed by Japan. After three years of marriage his wife died and he remained alone with a little son. His mother undertook charge of the boy and Yoshimura made up his mind to become a professional hunter, for ever since childhood he had been passionately drawn to that life.

During his twenty-five years in Korea he reckoned that he had shot from 40,000 to 50,000 pheasants, shooting at least 1,500 every year. He had shot between 15 and 20 leopards, about 25 bears, and about 200 wild boars. Leopards he hunts mostly with dogs who drive them up a tree or into a hole. The most dangerous leopard hunt he was ever on was on a summer's day some years back. He suddenly caught sight of a leopard's spots on the other side of a bush. The leopard was devouring some prey. Yoshimura had only a shot gun. He fired and the leopard came

rushing at him, only wounded. But a second shot at less than four yards distance killed him.

On one occasion a couple of years ago he had lost his way in a primeval forest and could not get back to his camp where a Korean was waiting for him with his horse. He wandered about for a whole week without food and without even water. His mouth was parched. The only liquid he could obtain was by soaking his handkerchief in dew of a morning and wringing it out.

At the end of the seventh day he saw a camp fire. Five men sat around it, all in Chinese clothes. He thought they must be Chinese bandits but as he was almost dying of thirst and hunger he advanced towards them. The five men made a bolt for it, frightened by his sudden appearance and, seeing his gun, believed in their turn that he was a brigand. But he managed by signs to reassure them and get them to come back. They were salt-smugglers. They gave him food but he vomited everything up at first.

Next day he shot a roe deer and then his strength came back to him and he found his way to the village of Motojondo, where we were now living together. His Korean had waited four days for him in the camp and had then found his way to a big village in the neighbourhood where he reported to the police that Yoshimura had disappeared and probably had been killed by brigands. The police telegraphed to his son who is now a teacher in the Korean capital to tell him about his father's disappearance. So the first thing Yoshimura did on reaching Motojondo was to telegraph to his son to reassure him.

Yoshimura told us that he is the only Japanese professional hunter who had stuck to this life for so long. He has written a book about shooting and is well known in Japanese sporting circles.

Some years ago when a Japanese millionaire went to Korea to shoot, he engaged Yoshimura as organizer of the excursion and invited him afterwards to come to Japan and live in his house. The rich Japanese valued Yoshimura not merely as a hunter but also as a jiu jitsu expert and wanted to have him as a kind of bodyguard. Yoshimura paid him two visits, spending several months in his house. But he did not like having to wear smart clothes and to sit through grand dinners with any amount of food and drink. He yearned for the wilds again. He seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly at Motojondo. He prepared his own meals every day and shared them with his dog. His belongings consisted of his gun, his horse and his dog and a number of odds and ends which he kept tied up in two bundles. Thus equipped, he could move about as the spirit moved him. When we parted he was on the point of going back into the forest after bears, for the whortle-berries were just ripe and bears are very fond of them.

I wished him good luck and we never met again. But six months later a stately young Japanese came and knocked at our door in Shuotsu. He introduced himself as Yoshimura's son and brought us greetings from his father.



## WHEN DEATH VISITS A KOREAN HOME

ONE DAY DURING our stay in Motojondo we heard long-drawn-out and heart-breaking moans and groans from the house nearest us. We learnt that the woman of the house had died that morning. As soon as the tidings had gone the round of the village, all the relatives and friends of the family began streaming up to the house to express their sympathy. All these kept up a ceaseless wailing during their visit. I noticed in several cases that they were engaged in ordinary quiet conversation together on their way but as soon as they reached the house of sorrow they broke out into lamentations which really sounded surprisingly genuine though thus worked up.

These lamentations were continued throughout several days. Even during the nights we heard them for hour after hour.

Out in the courtyard of the house we saw the widower tying up the coffin with the help of some friends. It was an oblong box made of very thick boards. In spite of the tremendous heat which was then prevailing, the funeral was not to take place until five days after the death. I was not able to attend the funeral as I could not stay so long in the village.

Funerals are expensive functions in Korea. In order to give his father or mother a really worthy funeral a

son will often saddle himself with debt for his entire lifetime.

Owing to the lack of wood in many parts of Korea it is frequently difficult to have coffins constructed and the dead are often buried therefore without one. In such cases the corpse is laid upon a board wound round with oiled paper, and tied securely to it by ropes of straw.

But should it be practicable, Koreans prefer to have a coffin, and formerly, when communications were worse, thoughtful and provident Koreans would have a very big timber log lying outside their house. This could be sawn up into boards for the coffin when needed.

Nothing gives a Korean greater happiness when he is lying on his death-bed than to hear his sons constructing his coffin. When it is ready, it is often brought into the room in which the dying man lies, so that he may feel happy looking at it. Relatives and friends come then to admire the coffin and to express their delight that it is so well made and so handsome.

When a Korean has just given forth his last breath he who is most nearly related to him takes pieces of cloth belonging to the deceased, and throws them up on the roof of the house or climbs up to it with them. In the latter case he shakes out the clothes three times, waves farewell to the deceased's spirit, calls out his name, and begs the spirit to take the clothes with him. The idea is that the soul should use them on its journey to the other world. Rice is strewn on the roof also to sustain the spirit on its journey. It is only at this juncture that the lamentations start. Now there are long drawn out cries of "Aigo." <sup>1</sup>

Before the dead body is laid in the coffin, it is clad

<sup>1</sup> A cry expressive of sorrow, usual on such occasions.

in the finest garments—garments which elderly Koreans of thoughtful disposition will have often had ready for many years before. A very important matter is the securing of a burial place. For this purpose the family call in the services of a professional expert who with compass and other instruments sets himself to find out a suitable spot. It is extremely important that the deceased shall be buried on the right spot. Otherwise he will bring down misfortune upon the living and it happens not infrequently that the body is subsequently moved to another resting place should misfortunes fall on the family and should a seer declare that they are due to the father or grandfather having been buried in the wrong place.

When it is a very rich man who is to be buried it may be that two coffins will be carried in the funeral procession. The first of these is empty and the hope is that evil spirits, who are bent on injuring the dead man, will be deceived into thinking that he is in this coffin and that they will therefore pay no attention to the second one. With a view to distracting the evil spirits still further, a Korean sometimes stands up on the bier in front of the first coffin strewing imitation paper money on the ground in front of it. It is hoped that the evil spirits, who are believed to be as covetous as human beings, will be so absorbed picking up the paper money that the real coffin with the corpse in it shall be laid to rest in the ground without any of them being able to hurt the deceased.

A small box on which a label is fixed with the deceased's name on it is taken to the grave. This box is held open over the grave while the dead man's name is called out. Koreans believe that his spirit goes into the box, so that he is preserved therein as in a small casket. The box is then reverently carried home from the grave

and placed in the house with a white cloth draped over the front of it. Certain mourning ceremonies, accompanied by loud lamentations, are performed in front of the box at regular intervals during the next three years. For a certain period food is placed before the box every day. The mourners go also to the grave-side and utter lamentations, taking with them food and drink for the deceased. After waiting a little while by the grave, however, they themselves consume the food and the drink. When the three years have lapsed, the grave is visited only once a year, food and drink being still brought there on these occasions and consumed by the mourners.

The Korean shroud is made of coarse hemp-cloth. A conical cap of the same material is carried in the funeral procession. Specially paid mourners accompany the coffin, uttering loud lamentations on the way.

A Korean wears a large mourning hat for three years after the death of his father. When his mother dies, he wears it for two years.

"Don't you wear a mourning hat if your wife dies?" I asked a Korean.

"Oh, no!" he answered. "It is so easy to get a new wife but you can't get new parents."

## EVERYDAY LIFE AND HOLIDAY LIFE

AFTER OUR RETURN from Paiktusan and Motojondo we stayed again for a time at Shuotsu, making ready for our next expedition. We had found during the spring that the lake district near the Siberian frontier was an ideal region for the study of the migration of birds so I had made up my mind already then to return thither when the time for their autumnal migration should arrive.

After an eight hour train journey from Shuotsu we reached the station of Kuryocho near the lakes on the 16th of September. Thence it was only one and a half hour's walk to the village of Taigando where we were to stay. We secured an ox wagon for our baggage and Fujimoto went ahead on a bicycle to prepare our Korean hosts for our coming. We were very cordially welcomed by the family and installed in our old room.

Great flocks of ducks swam on the lakes, grey herons walked about on the shores, and snipes and sandpipers were to be seen everywhere, alike at the lakes and on the sea-beach. Harriers hovered over the marshland and pheasants clattered up into the air occasionally. Everywhere there was animated life and we had so much to do that we had to keep working every night at our preserving of specimens until one or two o'clock.

As the autumn proceeded, the migrating birds grew in numbers. Ducks came in tens of thousands, huge



AFTER THE WILD BOARS HAVE BEEN ROOTING FOR ACORNS.

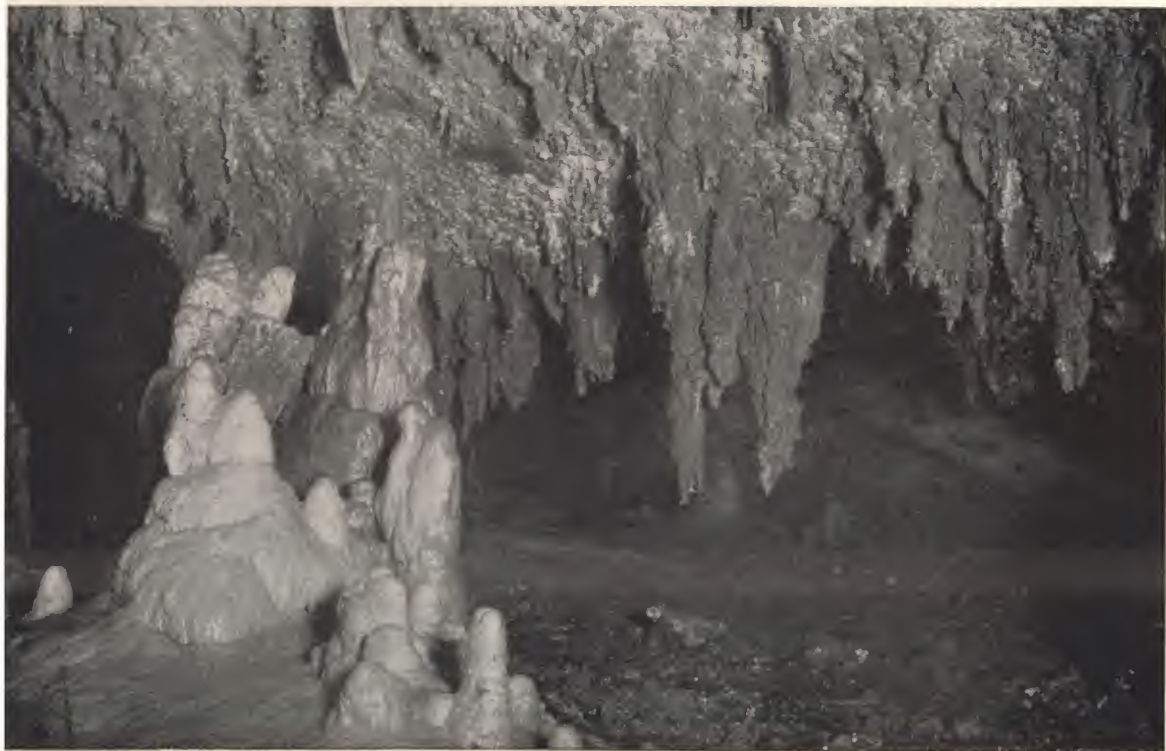


A TIMBER-HAULER ON HIS WAY TO WORK.



KOREAN CHILDREN DRESSED UP FOR THE NEW YEAR'S FEAST.





THE INTERIOR OF THE STALACTITE GROTTO.





THE MYSTERIOUS DWARF-OWL, WHOSE METALLIC-RINGING CRY IS  
HEARD EVERY SUMMER NIGHT OVER HILLS AND VALLEYS.

flocks of coots also, geese, swans and cranes appeared later, while a lively troop of birds of prey followed in the middle of October. One day, within the course of two hours, I noted the coming of about twenty sparrow-hawks, some small falcons, two goshawks and several buzzards. They all came from Siberia, flying along the coast on their way to southern regions. Great crowds of small birds arrived also in October. There were legions of goldcrests and any number of others. Various species of owls were also to be seen. Every single day we noted something new and it was all really most interesting and exciting.

Along the sandy sea-beach Korean women and small girls were continually to be seen catching small crustaceans (*Gammaridæ*) in the water. They caught them in this fashion. A woman would advance a little into the water fully dressed. Holding out her skirt in front she would let it be filled by an incoming wave. Then when she had let the water go through this kind of sieve she always found a number of crustaceans left together with a quantity of sand. She would then empty out the lot into a real sieve specially fitted for the purpose through which the sand poured out leaving only the crustaceans.

In a lake quite close to the sea, these women caught shrimps. I watched their proceedings one day in the middle of October. The water was so cold that I felt extremely frozen when I waded out to retrieve a grebe which I had shot. But this did not deter the hardy Korean women from wading out, fully clothed, hour after hour. They caught the shrimps by thrusting out a long pole-net which they dragged along the bottom. When they pulled it up it was full of water plants among which were the shrimps. The women picked out these and put them in a large wooden trough which

floated on the surface of the water, securely fastened to themselves with a string. I stood watching them for a while and then asked leave to take some photographs of them. They were disinclined at first but after I had joked with them a bit they agreed and I took as many as I wanted.

For some days we stayed on the island of Ranto, a little further up the coast. Although it was only about ten miles off, it took us six hours to reach it in the Korean sailing junk on which we went. We had a strong wind against us and had to tack all the way. A Japanese light-house had just been set up on the island and the light-house people were extraordinary kind to us during our stay. The purpose of our visit was to study the birds of the island. The light-house was equipped with the Swedish Aga-light as most of the Japanese light-houses are, I believe.

On the cliffs all round the island were thousands of cormorants and harlequin ducks swam about in flocks. Many birds of passage flew southwards over the island. Among those of which we got specimens were the pretty little dwarf sparrow-hawk (*Accipiter virgatus gularis*) which is much smaller than the ordinary sparrow-hawk.

One day the Korean police at Taigando told us that there was to be a great celebration in a neighbouring village of a man's sixty-first birthday. In Korea they don't celebrate a man's fiftieth or sixtieth or seventieth birthday but when a man attains his sixty-first he indulges in a splendid fête. The Koreans think that a man attains the prime of life at that age. Until then he is a victim to too many temptations. From that point onward life becomes for him serene and happy. He enters, as it were, on a new phase of existence.

The reason why the sixty-first year is held so im-

portant is that the Koreans reckon the first sixty are as "a cycle of life." Each of the sixty has an animal's name attached to it. They talk of the dragons' year, the rat's year, the tiger's year, the ape's year and so on. When a man has passed through all these sixty animal years, the cycle of his life is closed. He then begins at the beginning again and proceeds to go through another cycle of animal years in the same order as before. So his sixty-first birthday is the conclusion to the most important period in a man's life.

I decided to assist at this fête and repaired accordingly to the village in question. The sixty-one-year-old's house lay quite close to the road. White cloth had been spread out all round the courtyard to prevent dust from the road being blown in. Tables and boxes were arranged in two rows for all the guests and between the two rows were two places reserved for the hero of the occasion and his wife. An immense variety of brightly-coloured cakes were set out for them on a great number of quite small tables. They were well displayed on their dishes and plates and many of them looked most appetising. There was also a fine show of fruit.

Not all the guests had sat down yet to begin the banquet but a good many were in their places, squatting on straw mats by the tables. Most of them wore their hats made of horse-hair. The host kept walking round and welcoming new arrivals. His wife and daughter were continuing to bring out new cakes and to put finishing touches to the table arrangements. A number of curious spectators, especially children, kept coming into the courtyard. All round were hung up white cloths on which congratulations were inscribed in Chinese characters. At last, about noon, all was ready and all the guests in their places. A big porcelain bowl,

full of food, was placed before each guest and the host and hostess took their places. Now all the children of the pair went forward one by one and congratulated them, kneeling down and bowing down before them several times, both they and the father and the mother drinking a few drops of rice-wine out of a little bowl every time. Then one of the guests stood up and made a speech. He congratulated the host on having attained the happy age of sixty-one and now having an agreeable period before him. He also expressed his thanks for being bidden to the feast and for all the good things provided. Whereupon the host replied, thanking all present for coming and asking them to put up with the poor fare he had to offer them. After this all the guests, while exchanging remarks in low tones, proceeded to consume the contents of the big porcelain bowls. For the time being no one ventured to touch any of the countless cakes. They had, in point of fact, only been hired for the occasion to look impressive! This is a Korean practice. The cakes travel from banquet to banquet and are so hard in reality that you can scarcely bite into them. I recognized one of them by its peculiar colouring as an old friend from the wedding which I had attended in the spring. When the banquet is over they are sent back. The cost of hiring them is not great.

The banquet continued all day. Some Korean dancing girls had been engaged to dance and sing. The rice-wine flowed in streams and I got the impression that our host who had now officially attained the age when all "desires are stilled," had in any case not yet been bereft of his thirst.

During our stay at Taigando, I, myself attained my fortieth birthday. In honour of the event we decided to take a holiday. We had stuck to our task in the

matter of preserving specimens until 2 a.m., and we had taken no holiday for some weeks. So we really needed one perhaps. We agreed to do nothing except go out and shoot a pheasant for our dinner. That was usually a simple affair which did not take long, especially as we knew just where the pheasants were sure to be.

But for once it seemed as though they had all vanished into space. Both Sjöqvist and I walked about for hours, taking different ways, and at last returned home, each hoping that the other had brought down a bird. As we were both empty-handed we set forth again after a mid-day snack. We toiled over fields where we were always seeing pheasants fly up but this time not a sight of one did I see. Dusk was falling and it boded ill for our birthday dinner. Again I could only hope that Sjöqvist, who again had gone his own way, would prove more successful. At last just before I got back to the village I sighted three ducks in flight against the evening sky. They were coming towards me. They were flying very high but they were my only hope. I fired. One of them fell to the ground. Our dinner was saved.

Soon afterwards Sjöqvist also came back. He had no pheasant for us but only an eagle-owl! Glad not to be reduced to eating eagle-owl on such an occasion, we sat down to our duck. As usual we ate our dinner sitting on the floor, our food being laid out on a little table which was brought in always at meal times. We always did this when lodging in Korean houses. In our own house at Shuotsu on the other hand, we were "fully furnished" in European style.

During our stay in Taigando I saw the Korean junks sailing out to sea every day on sardine fishing expeditions. I decided to go out with them and see for myself what sardine fishing was like.

## I GO FISHING ON A KOREAN JUNK

THE SUN was shining down from a cloudless sky upon the sea which was as quiet as a lake when, on the morning of October the 28th, I made my way from Taigando to the beach.

Four large sailing-junks of a pattern at least a thousand years old lay at anchor. On board the final preparations were being made for making a start. The fishing-nets were stowed down in their places, the sails were being examined, and Korean women were bringing down fresh water in big jugs which they carried on their heads and wading out in the icy-cold sea, shallow here and reaching only to their knees.

I went on board one of the junks and greeted the crew of seven men who smiled widely as I hailed them in their own strange language. As my acquaintance with it was limited to greetings I had brought with me a young Korean, who knew Japanese, as an interpreter. So we were now nine on board.

They had evidently been waiting only for me for as soon as I got on board they began hauling up the anchor. Six of the men now began to row with their sculls, there being as yet no wind. Were we not in "The Land of the Morning Calm," as Korea is called, and with reason? It is almost always calm there in the morning but the wind comes regularly later in the course of the day.

It was a beautiful autumn day and in spite of the late period of the year the heat of the sun was quite strong. Seagulls were flying hither and thither and one boat after another set out to sea from the different villages along the coast.

When we had got out a bit both the big heavy sails were hoisted. A slight breeze began to make itself felt and the oarsmen laid down their oars and lit their pipes while the boat moved slowly out to sea.

All the members of the crew with two exceptions were young men. One of the older men steered the whole time. He sat by the rudder with his legs crossed and always with a smiling expression on his face. He was stated to be the owner of the boat and he seemed very much contented with the world. He had a scraggy black beard and friendly eyes which he turned continually over the water from one side to the other. His skin was weather-bitten by many typhoons.

The other older man looked more grim but all were in good humour over the fine weather. Now and again they would sing a little and laugh heartily and whenever another fishing-junk sailed by within earshot they would call out jocose remarks which evoked laughter on both sides. Among other things they shouted out that they had a foreign devil on board, according to my Japanese interpreter. I didn't mind what they said, of course, and I knew it wasn't ill. They told me that no white man had ever previously been on their boat. It was provided, I learnt, with two small holds and a recess astern in which we could spend the night—several nights it might be.

After about an hour and a half the wind began to freshen and the heavy sails which were supported by many bamboos soon enabled us to sail along merrily but we had the wind against us and had to keep tack-



ing. Wherever we looked now we saw other such junks all tacking like ourselves.

At noon one of the younger men took on himself the duties of cook. Unluckily he was the dirtiest of the lot and when, bare-footed (and both his feet and hands looked as if they very seldom had a wash), he set to his work a good part of my appetite began to vanish.

The cooking required did not involve much trouble as it was merely a matter of boiling rice in a big pot. When it was ready the steaming rice was poured out into two basins which were placed astern. The cook then took, with his dirty fingers, out of a big jar a heap of cut up vegetables preserved in an unpleasant-looking liquid. When he had put several handfuls of the stuff into the basins and placed a bundle of chop sticks and some metal spoons beside them, we all sat round them on the deck with our legs crossed and began to eat.

I had resolved to share the crew's meals during the trip. Although I had been so unlucky as to see how this meal had been prepared, I therefore set about consuming my share of the rice which always tastes good, though I could not say as much for the vegetables which were bitter. Presently I produced some packets of Swedish biscuits and two biggish portions of Swedish chocolate and offered them round as a second course and they were thoroughly appreciated. The crew then lit their pipes—long pipes with small bowls—and we all sat smoking for a while.

The wind was now growing in strength and our boat began churning up the water. There was still not a cloud in the sky. The mountains along the Korean east coast lay screened in haze. The distant landscape with its range upon range of mountains had a wild effect. Their general hue was brown. These eastern

Korean mountain have no forests on them and the brown hue is from the dry grass that covers them.

We were now so far out to sea that we could no longer descry any fishing villages on the coast. Here and there northern divers flew by one at a time and occasionally flocks of geese and swans swept past on their long journey to the south. All from Siberia.

By five o'clock we were quite a long way out. Now the wind began to lessen. The crew decided to set out their net. One sail was lowered and while the other served to carry the boat along slowly the net was carefully let down into the sea. It sank to a depth of fifty feet, its upper end held up by a long row of floats of wood, fastened together by ropes fifty feet long.

The net itself was thirty feet in breadth and more than half a mile long. The length of the nets varies with the different fishing boats. The very long ones are made up of shorter ones joined together.

As soon as the entire net had been let down, one end of it was tied by a very strong rope to the boat. The second sail was now lowered, the rudder was taken up on deck, and the fishing-net began to serve as the boat's anchor. We were going to spend the night thus, with no other anchorage.

Now it was time for our supper, which amounted to an exact repetition of our luncheon. At a quarter past five the sun sank behind the mountains in the west and it was not long now before the dark. There was a beautiful red glow in the sky after the sun had gone down and presently we had a starlit night. Here and there we saw lights telling of human life, in the dim distance. The little seaport of Yuki glistened in a friendly engaging fashion, while about seven miles away we could see twice every minute a light which made a special appeal to my heart, namely the Aga

light in the Japanese light-house on Ranto Island. This seemed to me almost like a little greeting from Sweden. It was very pleasant also to reflect on the kindness of the Japanese light-house people there during our stay on the island a few weeks before.

The cold soon drove me into the little cabin. It was no easy matter for nine men to find room in it. But good-humour prevailed there and with the help of a tiny lamp we settled ourselves very soon lying together as close as sardines in a tin. I had crept into my sleeping-bag which evoked the undisguised astonishment of the crew. On this occasion it possessed the additional virtue of excluding the lesser inhabitants of the boat.

Throughout the coal-black night we rolled about gently on a ground swell. The wind had gone down almost entirely. As we were anchored by the net we merely drifted with the current which prevailed. The boat carried no lights whatever. None of the sailing junks do. It happens sometimes, therefore, that a steamer runs into one of them in the darkness and sinks it. But it seems to matter very little here out in the Far East, where there are so many millions of people whether a fishing boat or two disappear with all on board. When a typhoon is raging a good many boats are lost out at sea. So it has been for ages past.

Sometimes it happens also that the storm carries a Korean fishing boat so far away that it drifts ashore somewhere on the Japanese coast with or without its crew. The survivors return home occasionally long after their relatives have given them up as lost. But the Koreans, like all experienced fishermen, have a certain gift for anticipating bad weather, and as a rule they make haste to find a safe anchorage near some

island in good time if they cannot get back home before the storm breaks loose.

When the first streaks of dawn appeared the members of the crew one after another crept up on deck through the opening in the roof of the cabin. I followed their example so as to see what would now happen. Having donned their oil-skins they were evidently about to haul up the net at once, although the stars were still shining.

The net was drawn up with the help of a simple wooden winch worked by two men. Two others drew the net out of the winch and dragged it in the right direction, while yet another two laid it down as it should be in the hold. All used both their hands. Two of them were bare-footed, despite the cold. It took about an hour to haul the entire net on board. The catch was a complete fiasco—only about fifty fish in a net nearly three thousand feet long and thirty feet in breadth! But the Koreans took their failure with complete composure and decided merely to sail further out to sea and try again.

The rudder was put back, and the sails hoisted again. A gentle morning breeze rippled the surface of the sea and helped us a little on our way but the crew took to their oars again. Other fishing-boats were now to be seen in various directions and with my field-glasses I was able to note that their crews also were busy drawing up their nets. Flocks of sea-gulls hovered over some of them. These evidently had had good hauls.

Just before seven o'clock the sun appeared in all its radiant splendour. A magnificent sight!

After a breakfast of rice and the newly caught sardines, we began to get up a good pace helped by a stronger wind. I was now able to count more than a hundred other fishing-boats all around us, several

motor boats among them. We continued on our course for about three hours and by eleven o'clock we had got away from all the other craft.

Now it was decided to let out the net again. When all was clear I could see the wooden floats lying in a long row—a row so long that the furthest were scarcely visible without my field-glasses.

Twenty minutes later one of the crew shouted out something and all began staring towards the net. The big wooden floats had nearly all disappeared! Only those nearest could be seen. Great excitement and jubilation on board! The sinking of the wooden floats showed that enormous masses of fish had got into the net and that it had become so heavy that it had been dragged down.

Now everyone rushed to don his oil-clothes once more and two minutes later the net was being hauled up. It was a sight worth seeing. The net was full to overflowing. Thousands upon thousands of sardines of the size of small herring were frisking and wriggling about. They shone like silver in the sunlight. It was with the greatest difficulty that they were got on board. The overcrowded net was so heavy that the winch by itself wouldn't do and everyone had to exert himself to the very utmost in a united effort to pull it up. Time after time a bit of the net broke under the strain and any number of the fish fell back into the water and floated on the surface. This brought flocks of sea-gulls. Hundreds of them swarmed round the boat darting down and snapping at the fish, uttering their shrill cries.

The crew worked away in the sweat of their brow endeavouring to harvest the colossal catch. There could be no question, of course, of taking the fish out of the net while it was being drawn up. That had to be left

till later. What mattered now was to get the whole net on board. The great swarm of sea-gulls had the effect of attracting other boats to our place and soon they also had their nets out.

It took two hours to get the whole catch on board. The crew were worn out. Now the great thing was to get home as quickly as possible and our sails were hoisted at once. Simultaneously a couple of long red and white streamers were fixed on a bamboo pole astern. This was the signal of a great catch.

The Koreans were now in the best of good humour. They sat about and smoked their pipes, sometimes for a change rolling cigarettes for themselves with bits of newspaper, all of them singing and laughing. Again, whenever we came in hailing distance of other fishing-junks, they shouted out pleasantries. Again they had recourse to the joke about having a foreign devil on board. It was perhaps lucky for me that the second haul had not failed like the first. They might have set it down to the foreign devil!

We had the wind behind us now and we made such good speed that within three hours we were back in harbour. As soon as we had anchored, all the women of the village came streaming down to the beach to pick all the fish out of the net.

We returned exactly thirty hours after we had set out, feeling well favoured by our good luck and the fine weather.

## AFTER PHEASANTS WITH A HAWK

OVER GREAT TRACTS of Asia native sportsmen still go hunting with trained hawks and falcons and even eagles. This very ancient practice, going back to prehistoric times, has of recent years been revived, also, in certain European countries in which it prevailed formerly. Quite often you may see advertisements in European sporting papers regarding trained hawks and falcons to be sold at high prices.

In Korea the natives use goshawks for hunting. This sport is pursued on quite a large scale, especially in the northern provinces of the country. In the province of Northern Kankyo alone, where we established our headquarters, we heard of about 150 trained hawks. Every hawk hunter must have a licence for practising the sport and must pay seven yen for it.

It is pheasants almost exclusively that are thus hunted, except for an occasional hare. Pheasant hunting with hawks is allowed in Korea from November 1 to April 1.

I was very keen on taking a hand at this sport and in the course of the summer I sought acquaintance therefore with a number of Korean hawk hunters. In the immediate neighbourhood of our headquarters I found four. One of these owned a particularly fine hawk in excellent condition. Its plumage was as perfect as that of any quite wild specimen. It was a three-year-old female bird and belonged to the variety of

goshawks (*Accipiter gentilis schvedowi*), which is wild here and which is somewhat smaller than the Swedish goshawk. Like most other trained hawks it had its home in a thatched-roof shelter in its owner's back-yard. Therein it perched on a branch fixed about two yards above the ground, and with a leather thong attached to each leg. Its owner was able to handle it in any way he liked without its showing any annoyance but it had a hard grim expression in its eye and it looked to me singularly untamed.

Its owner said that he had been taking as many as 300 pheasants in a season with this hawk. I arranged that we should go hunting together as soon as the next season began.

At the beginning of November I returned to Shuotsu from the lakes near the Siberian frontier and one day I went again to see this man. But he and his hawk were out hunting. His son said that his father had been out with his hawk every day since the season had started. It was now the 7th of November. He had been hunting, therefore, for just a week and he had taken twenty-seven pheasants. I arranged to take part in the next days' sport. We were to set out at half-past nine.

November the 8th opened with radiant weather. It was two degrees below freezing point in the early morning, with no wind. Not a cloud was visible in the sky but the sun soon gave out warmth. The Korean's hut lay about three miles from our house. Accompanied by Sjöqvist, I arrived there in good time. The hawk-owner and some young companions were making ready for the start. The hawk was on his perch, taking note of everything.

We were asked to come into the hut and we sat down on the floor in one of the two small rooms. On a wall hung a feather duster of a very decorative appearance.



It was made out of pheasant tailfeathers, about thirty feathers in all. In the room we saw a very skinny dog, apparently of a kind of pointer breed. He was to accompany us and to start the pheasants which the hawk would then catch on the wing.

An hour passed before the Koreans were ready. The party of them consisted of the hawk-owner, a grown-up son and two striplings of about sixteen and fourteen.

The elder of these had charge of the hawk which sat on his hand. This was protected by a thick leather glove. A short leather thong was attached to each of the hawk's legs and these two straps united a few inches from the legs into one single thong to which the boy held fast. On the hawk's back just where its tail-feathers began, there was fixed a bell which rang whenever the bird moved. Inside this bell was fastened a long narrow label on which the owner's name and address were written.

Our Korean leader proposed that we should climb certain hills which were some miles away and then descend into a valley where we should find plenty of pheasants. We assented of course and began at once to make our way thither across a number of rice fields. The rice had been already gathered.

Presently we crossed the Shuotsu river by a bridge of boards and began to scramble up the hill-sides. Here and there were small patches of tilled ground. On one of these a native was ploughing with two oxen. Our companions called out to him to ask whether he had seen any pheasants. He said he had not. On this our Korean leader's eldest son—the only one of the family who spoke Japanese—turned to us and explained that they had already been over this part of the ground thoroughly with the hawk.

While the sun gave out warmth, we found it icy cold in the shade. The climbing of the steep hill made us perspire and several times we sat down on blocks of stone to rest. The hawk seemed to be quite at home with everything. It kept a sharp look out all the time and when we reached the summit and stopped for a few minutes, it followed keenly with its gaze a flock of wild geese which flew past in a southerly direction. It didn't seem to be in the least disturbed or excited. Presently it drew up one leg into its feathers and raising its head a little glanced slowly round over the whole landscape. One had the feeling that like the rest of the company it was thoroughly enjoying the fine weather we had for our outing.

The scene from the hill-top was extremely beautiful. The little Korean huts which we had left behind us an hour before in the river valley now looked like tiny dots. In the distance range after range of mountains opened out with their snow-capped peaks and their deep ravines while to the east, calm and veiled in haze, lay the blue waters of the Sea of Japan.

After our rest we began our descent towards the river valley. Small frozen rivulets were numerous in all the ravines. It did not take us more than half an hour to get down into the valley wherein tilled fields were to be seen on all sides.

Pheasants have the habit of making their way through these fields in search of food but as all the grain at this late period of the year has been harvested they do not linger there throughout the day but proceed up the sides of the hills which are thickly grown with shrubs and plants. We were now to proceed along these hill-sides.

The hunt was so planned that those taking part should progress separably along three parallel lines.

The youth with the hawk went along the highest of these lines, about two hundred yards from the bottom of the valley so that he could look down over everything and see when any pheasant flew up. Along the line below him went the head of the family with the pointer. He carried a switch with which he hit about among the bushes and he kept calling out to the pointer and encouraging him in his eager stalking of the pheasants. The other young Koreans and we kept at the bottom of the valley whence we had a good view of everything that happened up above on the steep hillside.

The pheasants were not inclined to move from their coverts and although it was evident from the movements of the dog—a dog of no great quality—that there were birds in plenty nearly half an hour passed before one flew up. All the Koreans at once began to shout and the hawk was set loose. But the pheasant flew up behind a hillock which hid it from the hawk and disappeared at once down a neighbouring ravine.

The hawk now flew up into a tree whence it had a good view over the valley and waited there watching to see whether the pheasant flew up again.

The elder Korean with the dog soon reached the point where the pheasant had been lost to sight and they began stalking it among the densely growing bushes. In about five minutes time a fresh clatter of wings was to be heard, followed again by shouts from the Koreans.

Down swept the hawk like a grey shadow in pursuit of the escaping pheasant which at first had a start of about a hundred yards, but this was soon lessened. I could see both birds as they flew for about two hundred yards. Then they both vanished over the side of a ravine. The pheasant was still well ahead and I

imagined that it would be able to save itself by disappearing among the trees down in the ravine.

We now all hastened towards that side of the valley to see what had become of the hawk. It is always important to keep the hawk in view for it may fly a long distance and then one has difficulty in finding it again. Moreover, when it has caught the pheasant it is necessary to hasten to the spot as quickly as possible and to take it away from it as it naturally begins at once to devouring its prey and if it eats its fill it hunts no more that day.

As I was entering the next valley I heard the melodious tinkling of the hawk's bell. One of the younger Korean boys had run on ahead and he had now emerged from a pine thicket with the hawk on his hand and with the pheasant dangling from the same hand with only its head within reach of the hawk's beak. The hawk continued to peck at it ravenously. I confess I felt full of admiration for the winged hunter now that I saw what it was capable of.

The hawk was not allowed many mouthfulls, however, for the pheasant was soon stuck into the boy's hunting bag while we proceeded with the hunt. The valley to which we were keeping continued to yield no birds and the number of trees in it obscured the view, so we moved on presently to another.

Soon the eldest of the boys, who now had charge of the hawk, once again scrambled up to the top of the hill, a height of about 1,000 feet. From where I stood at the bottom of the valley, I could see his figure, with the hawk on his hand, stand out boldly against the clear November sky. As before, his father began, with the dog, to beat about the bushes half-way up the hill. But no pheasant flew up and we had to move on still further.

Suddenly at the beginning of a neighbouring valley three pheasants took wing and disappeared into a valley beyond that. They were not within sight from where the boy stood with the hawk. We all made at once for the valley into which the birds had flown. A native who was busy ploughing showed us the direction in which they went.

The boy with the hawk who had joined us down below now made his way up to a point in this new valley about 600 feet up, while his father once more scoured the middle part of it with the dog, and we others moved on to the farther side of it from which we had a good view. The pheasants did not budge for nearly half an hour, when at last one bird took flight and again the Koreans began to shout. Instantly I saw the hawk swooping down and then, changing its action, give swift chase right across the valley.

The pheasant made for a low ridge on the further side from us and just when the hawk seemed to have almost overtaken it vanished in among some trees reaching undergrowth in safety.

The hawk, being an old hand at the game, knew better than to try and follow the pheasant in among the dense brushwood where it might easily have its wings caught. Instead it perched on a tree and waited there for the Koreans and the dog, who it knew would soon reach the spot.

Sure enough they made their appearance very quickly. It was all important for them to get there in time to take the hawk up to the crown of the hill so that it should be able to see in what direction the pheasant flew when it again attempted to get away. One of the Korean boys just managed to reach the high point with the hawk at the right moment.

The pheasant made down a long river valley. It had

a long start but the hawk followed in quick pursuit and at a distance of about 800 yards beyond the river it reached its prey. My Zeiss field-glasses enabled me soon to descry the hawk and watch it while it began devouring the pheasant on the ground. Doubtless it was congratulating itself at being such a distance from its fellow-hunters and able to enjoy its feast in peace and comfort.

One of the young Koreans now ran as fast as he could to the spot and brought back the hawk and its prey. The boy was wet through with perspiration when he got back. The hawk was allowed to have a few more pecks at the pheasant's head.

As we knew there were other pheasants in the region in which we were, we resumed the hunt again. Soon another bird flew up and the hawk came swooping down on it. As before the pheasant made for the other side of the valley, intending evidently to seek safety on the other side of a low ridge, but the hawk was too quick for it and the chase was soon over. As before, the younger Koreans rushed to where the hawk brought the pheasant down. I myself got there at the same time as the elder boy whose task it always was to carry the hawk. It certainly was a memorable experience to see the hawk beginning to gorge itself on its brilliant hued victim. When we got quite near it dragged the pheasant a few feet away from us, feeling evidently that it had a right to its own booty. But when one of the young Koreans took hold of it, it made no resistance, and resumed quietly its position on his hand. As usual it was allowed to have a few more pecks at the pheasant's head.

The hours had passed swiftly and the sun now was sinking. As it would take us an hour and a half to get back to the Korean house we decided to break off,

first taking a little rest near a stream. The Koreans now produced a bundle with boiled rice in it which they ate with hastily cut sticks. Sjöqvist and I ate chocolate and biscuits instead, quenching our thirst in the stream.

We then set out on our homeward trudge, leaving the Koreans at their hut and continuing on our way to Shuotsu Onsen, where we indulged in a delightful bath in the hot springs before returning to our own house in the moonlight, the richer for a great experience.

## JANKOVSKI

NO EUROPEAN name is so well known to the inhabitants of Northern Korea as Jankovski. The bearer of this name is a Russian who has settled down in the village of Shuotsu. Like most Russians whom one meets outside their native land he has had a life full of changes.

His father, who has now been dead a long time, had in his young days emigrated from Poland and become a settler on the Siberian coast, by the Sea of Japan. Apart from his great activities as a settler, he contributed greatly to the exploration of the animal world of Eastern Siberia. In the museums at Lenin-grad, Warsaw and many other places may be still seen specimens of many strange species of animals, among them some previously unknown to science, which Jankovski collected in Eastern Siberia.

His son, George Jankovski, now fifty-eight years old, was before the Russian Revolution owner of the large estates which his father had settled at Sidemi, between Vladivostok and the Korean frontier. In those days he devoted himself to the breeding of horses. He had more than six hundred, among them many fine racers.

But what made his property most famous was perhaps his breeding of deer. He had a deer farm with no fewer than three thousand head. These deer (*Pseudaxis*



dybowskii) he bred only for the sake of their horns. The newly grown horn with only soft skin on them produce a very expensive medicine which is in great demand. Among the Chinese especially it is most highly prized as a means of rejuvenation. One single horn of a large size brings more than £50 and new horns are grown every year.

When the waves of the Russian Revolution reached those tracts and there was danger there of civil war, Jankovski played a conspicuous rôle. He organized a White force which for long stood out against the Reds, but at last he had to bow before superior strength and then he fled with his family in a motor boat to Korea, where he landed at Seishin. He also arranged for some of his men to drive a herd of horses into Korea over the frontier. But everything else he had to sacrifice. Had he fallen into the hands of the Reds, his doom had been sealed, because he had given them so much trouble during the conquest of the Maritime Province.

Jankovski now settled for a while at Seishin and looked about for something to do. To begin with he sold the horses. Then he went in for herring fishing along the coast near Seishin. During the winters he shot leopards, wild boar, roe deer and pheasants. Thanks to his great energy and resourcefulness he soon achieved success again.

In the Shuotsu River valley, thirty-two miles from Seishin, Jankovski discovered a beautiful and fascinating bit of country where he bought some land and built himself a house. He christened his home Novina. Here he provided himself with horses and cows and took up gardening and bee-keeping. With the help of the natives he also managed to catch in the woods of Northern Korea some deer of the same kind as those

he formerly had bred and with them he laid the foundations of a new deer-farm.

One day he came upon the idea of taking in summer guests. He built some summer cottages and let them to some of his acquaintances who arranged to have their meals with him. This venture proved successful. He kept erecting new summer houses, one after another, and when I arrived at Shuotsu in the spring of 1935 his activities were still on the increase. He had also purchased a strip of the sea-shore with a fine sand beach only a half-hour's motor drive from the village, where his guests could bathe. During the summer his little holiday resort is now visited by a large number of people, especially Russian émigrés from Harbin and from Shanghai but also other Europeans from Japan, China and Manchuria. His deer-farm grows steadily. He has nearly fifty head already.

During the winter Jankovski devotes himself to hunting in the company of his three sons, all of whom are good hands at it. His eldest son, Valerij, is held now to be the best hunter in Korea. I was out with him several times and marvelled at his efficiency and his unique faculty for stalking his quarry. His younger brother, Arsenij, is also a first-rate hunter. Jankovski senior has two brothers, one of whom also lives in Shuotsu. He is an entomological collector, and he specializes in the sale of Korean butterflies abroad. The other brother is a detective in French service at Shanghai and spends his holidays at Novina. So that quite a little Russian village has sprung up there.

"Have you shot any tigers?" I asked Jankovski one day when he was paying me a visit.

"Yes," he answered. "Several. The first I shot when I was seventeen. My brother Alexander and I were

riding through the taiga one winter's day. We were going along the side of a steep incline when suddenly our horses became uneasy. An instant later a powerful tiger came for us in a series of mighty leaps. We jumped off before he was too near and the tiger sprang upon one of the horses. Tiger and horse went tumbling down the slope. My brother and I both fired at the tiger, who was finally despatched by a bullet of mine.

"The Eastern Siberian tiger is unique in its beauty, with its long-haired winter coat," went on Jankovski. "Thirty years ago fifty or sixty tigers used to be shot every winter in the Vladivostok region, but now they have been almost exterminated. In the Siberian forests there was plenty of game at that time. Apart from tigers, I used to go after wolves, bears, leopards, gorals and roe deer to say nothing of wild fowl, geese, ducks and pheasants and much else. But, in Korea, I have not had a chance of shooting a single tiger during all the thirteen years I have been here. I have sighted several, however, and I once captured two little tiger cubs. The tiger is almost exterminated here also."

"Were there many bandits in those regions?" I asked.

"Yes," Jankovski replied. "They gave us a lot of trouble. They plundered and murdered whenever they could. We had to go out after them several times, bands of us."

"Have you ever brought down wild fowl of that species?"

"Yes, several. Otherwise I would not be sitting here. Many's the time their bullets have whistled past me. But here in Korea we are not bothered by them. They are a trouble only up in the Paiktusan woods and of course, in Manchukuo, where it seems impossible to get rid of them."

## AFTER WILD BOAR ON THE KOREAN MOUNTAINS

IN THE middle of December I found myself in a very wild tract of Northern Korea. It was a mountainous region, traversed by deep valleys with countless ravines in every direction. The mountains were extremely high and steep. Snow lay everywhere. It was not far from the Manchurian frontier and one could see into that country from the highest mountain-peaks. The southern slopes of the mountain range were in places bare from snow. The whole region was covered with leafy woodland, oaks being specially noticeable, but here and there were pines and firs also. In the river valleys many different species of leafy trees occurred.

In this region tigers, leopards, lynxes, bears and wild boars were to be met with, as well as roe deer and smaller animals. It was the wild boar I was after above all. I particularly wanted to get for the Natural History Museum in Stockholm a specimen of the very big type of wild boar which is to be found thereabouts.

The numbers of wild boars in different parts of Korea vary greatly from year to year. Up in the mountainous parts they depend very much on the supply of acorns which here seem to be their favourite food. In the summer, when they live chiefly on roots and green stuffs and such potatoes and corn as they can get at in the Koreans' farms, they are spread out more evenly, but in the winter they are drawn chiefly to the

localities where acorns are plentiful. Here they may frequently be seen in herds of fifteen or twenty burrowing about for the acorns in the snow.

During my visit to this locality I stayed in a bare little Korean hut in a deep valley. I had for company there Jankovski's two sons, Valerij and Arsenij, who also were out after wild boar. Sjöqvist had other tasks to get through with for the time being. In addition to the Korean family, five in number, there lived in the hut a bull, a cow, a calf, a dog, a cat and five hens. The Korean family and all these animals lived in the kitchen where the cattle had a section to themselves, partitioned off. In most of the native huts hereabouts it was the custom to have the cattle living thus in the kitchen. This is a practice dating back to the period when tigers were so numerous that it was dangerous to leave the cattle outside.

From their separate compartments the bull and the cow were able to stretch their heads well into the other part of the kitchen. Once when one of the young Jankovskis was standing near the low partition, with his back to it, and was munching at a turnip, the bull suddenly stretched out his mighty head, swung out his long rough tongue and, to the astonishment of the Russian, appropriated his turnip.

We ran no risk of over sleeping of a morning as the cock in the kitchen began to crow long before daylight. As we lived in the room next the kitchen, there was a distance of only a few yards between us and this trustworthy alarm-clock which had the further merit that it did not click.

When I awoke on the morning of December the 12th the thermometer registered  $-7^{\circ}\text{F}$ . An icy north wind was blowing with tremendous force. There was not a cloud in the sky. It was not tempting weather for a

trip up to the summit of the mountain—the wind would be worse still up there. But as soon as we had had our fill of roe deer flesh and rice and warmed ourselves with a couple of cups of hot tea we decided to carry out our plan for the day. However I did not expect much from it.

We made our way up a side valley first. There was a chance of coming across here a herd of wild boar which had gone through it the day before. Arsenij went one way by himself, while Valerij and I together went another. We had a Korean with us who carried a knapsack with a little food in it in case we should not return that night.

After about a mile and a half of walking Valerij and I came upon the tracks the wild boars had left the day before. The snow was almost a foot deep, and the tracks, which told of a herd of about twenty, were almost obliterated by the wind. Valerij had seen the herd on the previous day and had reckoned it to be of about twenty. Two he had shot.

To begin with, the tracks led up a steep incline. Then they wandered up and down the wooded mountain. Soon we were several miles from where Valerij had encountered the herd. After we had gone on our way for a couple of hours, the tracks ceased to tell of the whole herd—it had evidently dispersed. The wild boars had evidently lost their sense of fright. The single set of tracks divided up into several. Here and there some of them had kicked away the snow and burrowed about among the dry oak leaves in search of acorns, but only a few of them had snatched a mouthful. It was clear that they intended going farther.

There were lots of old tracks everywhere and as the new tracks had been so much affected by the wind it was sometimes impossible to follow them. Twice we

lost them entirely but after scouring all the immediate neighbourhood found them again. We came at last to an oak-grove in which the herd had clearly made a regular halt for a large expanse of the ground had been rooted up.

Not long afterwards we reached a spot where the animals had spent the night. Wild boars don't lie down to rest just anywhere. They take trouble over the arrangement of their beds. First they kick away the snow, then they make an oblong kind of hole in the ground adapted to their measurements. As they are equipped with a singularly strong hide and are in addition fat, they don't suffer from cold. In fact they are able to bear a very low temperature indeed. It sometimes seems indeed, as though they feel too warm even in the depths of winter, for while stalking them I have often come upon tracks leading down to a stream where a boar has taken a bath in icy cold water—he had had to break the ice to get in!

Once I could see by a boar's tracks that he had been lying in a shallow stream and wallowed about in the mud and then shaken himself several times so that the snow all around was bespattered with mud. It is quite clear that we need not worry about the wild boars suffering from climatic conditions in these northern wilds!

Valerij and I continued to follow the tracks as best we could and presently they looked fresher. The herd had split up repeatedly in oak-groves and hunted in them for food. They sometimes wandered about over quite a wide area and as they scattered so much on these occasions it was hard to follow them. Whenever this happened we had just to wander about ourselves, pursuing our search.

In one stream they had broken a hole in the ice to

drink but it was clear that they had resisted any temptation to bathe in it. Perhaps they reflected that forty degrees of frost and a hard north wind did not combine to make suitable bathing weather. Generally speaking, however, wild boars are so given to winter bathing at least in these regions that one valley here has become known to hunters as the Wild Boar's Bath, because the animals resort to it so much for the purpose.

The tracks led us next into an extremely dense thicket in which I sometimes could see only a few yards in front of me. At 2.30 p.m. we felt that the herd must be quite near us, and we told the Korean to stand still to avoid all unnecessary noise. It was impossible to avoid making the branches rustle when one tried to move, but the fierce north wind, which was dead against us, neutralized this a little by shaking the branches all around.

We stood still time after time, watching and listening, and suddenly we thought we saw something dark moving at a distance of about fifty or sixty yards. It seemed likely to be a wild boar. As we could not get nearer to it I decided to shoot, being convinced now that it must be a boar.

As my shot rang out the whole thicket seemed to burst into life. A tremendous cracking of branches was to be heard in all directions. My bullet, though it went first through a small tree trunk, reached its mark. The wounded boar now came rushing towards us and fell to a second shot. My companion brought down another one which was tearing past us but we did not catch sight of the rest of the herd as it made off through the undergrowth and brushwood. This was so dense we could see nothing through it.

We were, however, quite satisfied to have shot two



big specimens. When we had examined the two animals, both of which had almost black skins, we removed the entrails. Wild boar hunters in Korea attach great importance to the gall bladder, which is dried afterwards and made into medicine. With its contents it is pulverized and the powder is mixed with *saké* or some other spirit and the mixture is drunk by Korean women immediately after giving birth to a child. It is believed to hasten the woman's convalescence and to prevent complications. A boar's gall bladder will as a rule be worth five or six shillings in Korea.

Our Korean attendant, whom we had left behind us, now joined us again and lit a fire while we busied ourselves with the carcasses. Both beasts were big but not of the very biggest kind and I decided not to use either of them for my museum purposes.

We now made tea and indulged in a meal. It was fine to be able to take a rest by the fire for we had not paused for more than a few minutes since our start and it was now three.

Valerij now decided to follow the herd's tracks a bit further so that we might know where to begin our next hunt. The Korean and I tied ropes round the two carcasses and dragged them down into the nearest available glen, where we covered them over with snow and placed branches over them. Next day we would send ox-sledges to fetch them.

When we had finished our job the dusk was already falling but we were able, fortunately, to reach a path which took us down into a valley before it grew dark. I then made for home with all possible speed while the stars shone out in the heavens, the cold wind becoming even more biting. It was delightful to be under a roof again and a palace could not have been a more welcome



WHEN THE CHERRY-TREES BLOSSOM IN KEIJO, ALL THE TOWN IS AFOOT.



ONE OF OUR BEST FRIENDS IN KOREA, THE HEAD OF THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS IN KEIJO, MR. SHIMOKORIYAMA WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER.



WHEN THE CHERRY-TREES ARE IN BLOOM, IT IS LIKE A HOLIDAY IN KEIJO. EVERY ONE MAKES HIS WAY TO THE PARKS TO ENJOY THE BEAUTIFUL SCENE.



KOREAN IN MOURNING.





KOREAN WITH HIS MOURNING HAT, WHICH IS WORN FOR THREE YEARS AFTER THE DEATH OF THE FATHER, TWO YEARS AFTER THAT OF THE MOTHER, BUT NOT AT ALL AFTER THE DECEASE OF A WIFE, AS A NEW WIFE CAN BE GOT AT ANY TIME.

refuge than the simple clay hut, though there was only a door made of paper to shut out our room from the cold outside. The Koreans busied themselves at once with the kitchen fire and as its flues went under all the floors (as usual in such abodes) we were soon comfortably warm. The cold continued all that night. Indeed it was so severe that week that in our valley alone four Koreans died of it during the next few days.

Two days later I set forth again after wild boar, again accompanied by Valerij and the same Korean carrier. We had decided to make for a valley a long distance off so we made a start even before our cock could wake us—about an hour before daybreak. The weather was just as it had been before. The sky was cloudless. It was 27 degrees of frost.

First we walked through a valley about three and a half miles in length, then we clambered up to the summit of the mountain range and swept the ravines and side valleys with our field-glasses to see if we could descry any wild boars. They were more likely to be found on the southern slopes where the snow was less deep and sometimes the ground was bare. But we could see no sign of any. We crossed one deep valley after another and found countless tracks of them but old tracks only. In the oak groves they had rooted up the snow over wide stretches. It was clear that a big herd had been feeding there for a long time.

At one o'clock we sighted a huge boar at a distance of about a mile. He was moving along over a bit of ground which we ourselves had traversed just before. Several deep valleys lay between him and us. He seemed to be nearly coal—and almost as big as a bear. I enjoyed watching him through my glasses. He was moving away with his back to us, and as the wind blew straight in his direction from us it would not do for

us to follow him. Now he stood still a while, burrowing in the snow. Now he began to run. We were in December, the boars' pairing time, and single males at this period roam about among the different herds. They are very capricious at this time of the year and when a male animal is quite quietly occupied burrowing for acorns he is apt to break off without warning and to dart off in one direction or another. Perhaps his thoughts have turned suddenly towards some young sow whom he has met in the locality and who has set his pulse beating.

When rival males meet now there are tremendous battles and as their tusks are fearsome weapons the outcome is apt to be sanguinary to a degree. Valerij had witnessed several such fights and he declared they were fights to a finish. He had also often shot boars with great scars on them. These big males have no fears. A wounded boar is ready to attack man and every year a number of Korean hunters are killed by them. With their big tusks they tear open the bellies of their foes. It is said that even tigers give a wide berth to the biggest wild boars.

Feeling that it would be a mistake to follow our quarry, we wandered down fresh valleys instead and then climbed up new inclines. An hour later we descried through our glasses a new specimen. He also was burrowing about for acorns. He was on a steep slope about 1,000 yards from us and in the direction we were following. The wind was favourable, as it came straight from him to us. The precipices between him and us were extremely deep and difficult, so we decided to wait a while before we tried to get at him. We had not taken a rest since we started and it was now two o'clock. So we made tea and had a meal.

Reinvigorated, we now descended into the first

valley. The descent was so steep that it would have been impossible for us but for the bushes here and there to which we clung. But we managed it all right and then began the climbing of the ridge beyond.

When we reached the top we were able to see that the boar was still on the same spot. There was now no time to lose, so down we went into the second valley, which was much easier to get across. We were now only about 600 yards from the boar. He was moving about in a very dense thicket now and sometimes was quite hidden by the brushwood. He was about ninety yards from a peak which we decided to climb from the side opposite to him and we hoped to see him near at hand thus, if he remained where he was.

We set about this manœuvre at once. But before we had been ten minutes on the move we began to hear a breaking and rustling of branches just below us. The ground was rather uneven and at first we could not see anything, so we went down a bit. There was our friend on the move also and making off downwards. Valerij shot first and hit but the boar continued on his way. Then we both fired together and this time the boar fell. We discovered afterwards that all three shots went home.

He was a male of medium size, weighing we reckoned between 80 and 100 kilos. He was not therefore of the dimensions I wanted for my museum specimen. As soon as we had dealt with his carcass in the usual way we dragged it down to the bottom of the valley, thence to be taken home on an ox-sledge next day.

It was now four o'clock. We had only an hour left before dusk. There could be no question of returning the way we had come as we could not cope with such difficult ground in the growing darkness. Valerij, by good fortune, knew a path which we could take if we



first got over a height half an hour's walk from where we were. He declared that even in the darkness we could keep to this path which he knew well. So we decided on this. We did not know of any Korean hut in the immediate vicinity and the idea of spending the night without sleeping bags out in the open with 27 degrees of frost did not tempt us. The thought of the delightful hot soup awaiting us at home also had its weight.

When at last we reached the path in question, we walked our very quickest and within three hours we were able to step into our snug dwelling and squat down on the warm floor of our room.

Next day Valerij and I went out separately and now he had the good luck to bring down the very arch type of boar I so much wanted. It was a really prime specimen and its weight after removing the entrails was found to be 145 kilos. It had splendid tusks also. I bought it from him and it is now in the Natural History Museum at Stockholm.

The day after this I had the great enjoyment of seeing a herd of seventeen wild boars of all sizes engaged in burrowing for acorns. When we first espied them through our glasses at a distance of about a mile and a half, Valerij exclaimed: "I hope there will be a Christmas pig among them!"

I had been telling him that I was hoping we should bag a small animal suitable for our Christmas dinner.

As things turned out the small Christmas boar was the only one we got out of that herd which we pursued until dusk. It was then too late to make for home but we came upon a native hut at the bottom of a narrow valley and we were very glad to spend the night in it.

It was delightful to have a rest. We cooked our food and ate our fill, drinking cup after cup of tea, while our

Korean host, a friendly old fellow, entertained us with his talk. Into the open space between our room and the kitchen the six other occupants, mostly children, of the hut had squeezed themselves, and were staring at us with immense interest. Several of the children had never seen a white man before.

The owner of the hut told us that when he was young he had visited Jankovski's property in Siberia, and that he knew old Jankovski well—Valerij's grandfather, who was living there at that time. Old Jankovski still lives in the memory of all elderly Koreans, as in former days they used often to wander over the frontier to get work with the Russians. Old Jankovski is still spoken of by Koreans as "Four Eyes," a nickname given him because he so excelled in the shooting of Chinese bandits that they believed he must have two eyes in the back of his head also.

Valerij told us now how his grandfather once on returning to his estate from a visit to Vladivostok, found that all the servants of the house with their wives and children had been murdered by bandits. From that time onwards his hatred of Chinese bandits had never cooled and he remained one of their most dangerous foes.

We sat talking long into the night in the light of the smallest lamp I have ever seen. It consisted of what had once been an inkpot about two inches high, filled with paraffin and provided with a wick. I asked our host how much paraffin it took to keep alight all the winter and he answered that a bottle-full was usually enough.

At last we lay down to sleep on the comfortably warmed clay floor. Next morning we bade the old Korean good-bye and returned in a whirling snow-storm to our hut, which we reached in the evening.

Here we met a Captain Barton, formerly of the British army, now a business man in Shanghai, who was staying as Jankovskis' guest to hunt wild boar.

We had a very pleasant evening in his company.

Captain Barton, who had paid long visits to India and the Malay Peninsula, told us about a lot of interesting fakir tricks and other wonderful things he had seen. He said that he had seen with his own eyes the fakir trick of walking bare-footed on glowing coals and on mats of spikes without damage to the soles of their feet. He told us also that he had seen a couple of Indians at a religious festival draw a heavy cart which was fastened with hooks of iron to their backs without their bleeding. Our conversation was twice interrupted by the bull's bellowing in the kitchen. It sounded almost as though he wanted to make a protest when the stories were too tall.

Next day we returned to Shuotsu for Christmas now was at hand.

## OUR CHRISTMAS AT SHUOTSU

TWO DAYS BEFORE Christmas Eve I commissioned a Korean to go up into the woods and bring us back a Christmas tree. Fir trees were scarce in the vicinity but this Korean, who knew where to look, produced a very fine one next day. We fixed it up properly, adorned it with spangles and cotton wool and apples and candles, with a little Swedish flag on top of all. The day before Christmas Eve we made a journey to Seishin and bought a lot of things for Christmas.

Christmas Eve opened with beautiful weather and the landscape was clad with snow. The Christmas boar which ought to have been on hand two days earlier had been delayed *en route* and had not yet arrived but this we did not grieve over as we had laid in a store of some good Swedish tins of preserved veal for our Christmas dinner, and Fujimoto exerted himself to do full honour to the occasion.

By the light of the little candles on the Christmas tree we sat down to our festive meal, watched with great curiosity by a little tame owl with ruby-red eyes. Then we listened in to Christmas music from Tokio and Shanghai on the radio, alternating this with conversation until late in the evening. It was my fifth Asiatic Christmas and my thoughts naturally kept going back to the four previous ones, but still more to my wife and children in Sweden.

We Swedes, as many of my English readers will know, make our chief celebrations on Christmas Eve. Christmas Day itself, Sjöqvist and I devoted chiefly to letter-writing, reading, visits to friends in the village and to rest. Presently we went back, however, to work, this consisting chiefly of the preparation of two of the wild boars for museums. I had also bought a couple of leopards, whose bodies required careful handling.

Christmas over, we continued our regular routine not merely in the matter of zoological collecting but also in the ethnographical studies which I had to pursue. In this latter field I got a lot of a certain Korean with whom I had made acquaintance. He came to me often with Korean tools of different kinds and other things of interest to me. But he was a sly dog. He had no regular occupation and when he had got hold of a number of objects which he thought I would like to have, he would not bring them all to me at once but only one or two a day. He contrived to turn up always at lunch time. He knew that Fujimoto would ask him to have tea and although his hut was about five miles off he felt it was worth while to walk all that way and back to bring the articles in question, drink tea and have some Swedish biscuits. Whenever we were kept at home we could always be sure of finding him in the kitchen at one o'clock.

Once he met with a piece of bad luck. He had been in with me in our living-room and had sold me a Korean man's costume and been paid for it, and he was just about to have tea with Fujimoto in the kitchen. Suddenly we heard someone calling out opposite the house. I looked out and saw an elderly woman standing there, still calling out in our direction. I assumed it was someone who wanted to talk with my Korean but he did not seem to hear her.

I told him about her but it was with an uneasy conscience he went out to speak with her evidently. It was his mother. She gave him a fearful scolding and after a while he came back to me looking very uncomfortable. The Korean man's costume which he had sold me was his father's! His mother had discovered what he had been up to and had come all the long way to our hut to prevent him from selling it. He now begged to have the transaction cancelled and I of course agreed. But it must have been a severe mortification for him to be thus taken to task by his mother in our presence. Especially as he was himself a man of at least thirty with several children growing up.

One day I received a visit from a Japanese Esperantist, named Ootani. Esperantists as a rule are very enthusiastic about their language but I had never before encountered a match for this man. He declared that Esperanto was his religion and I was quite convinced of this after letting him hold forth a bit. He had seen in the Japanese papers that I was living at Shuotsu. He had come thither, bringing with him a copy of an Esperantist edition of my Kamtchatka book which had been issued in Stockholm, and his purpose was to get me to autograph it. This request was easy to grant, but in addition he had manifolded a greeting in Esperanto on thirty post cards to thirty of his Esperanto friends in Japan and Korea, who, he knew, possessed this Esperanto edition of that volume! He declared that they would be delighted to have my autograph to paste into their copies of it and therefore there was a specially provided place on the cards for me to sign. At his urgent entreaty, and with no misgivings as to the result, I signed them all.

The result was terrible! Within less than a week I had thirty letters in Esperanto from that number of

enthusiastic Esperantists, all of whom wanted to correspond with me. I became desperate and asked Ootani to have thirty fresh post cards manifolded with the discomfiting news that I was not an Esperantist. But his enthusiasm for his mission was much too strong for that. Instead he sent to Sweden for a Swedish Esperanto manual and posted this to me together with an Esperanto-English dictionary, in the hope that I would learn the language and proceed to correspond with himself and all the thirty other Esperantists. It was really touching to know such an enthusiast!

Ootani naturally wore the Esperantist Green Star, but this did not satisfy him. As Esperantists have taken Hope's green hue symbolically as their own he also wore green clothes, and green neckties, and he used only green ink in his fountain-pen. He was in correspondence in Esperanto with the whole world and was in receipt of many letters and post cards from Swedish Esperantists. I visited him once in his home at Seishin and found it chock full of Esperantist trophies. There were several large portraits of Zamenhof, the inventor of the language, on the walls. Among other things I saw were the Esperanto editions of Gösta Berlings Saga and the well-known book on Andree's flight to the North Pole.

On the night of New Year's Eve, we listened in to the bells of all the famous old temples all over Japan ringing in the New Year. On New Year's Day itself Fujimoto asked for leave of absence to go to the great Shinto Temple in the town of Ranan and there testify to his devotion to the spirits of the Japanese Emperor's ancestors.

We were to celebrate the Russian Christmas with Jankovski, who in accordance with the old Russian

Calendar, celebrated it thirteen days later than we do. There was a Christmas tree and an abundance of Christmas food and presents, and the evening passed very happily with Russian Christmas songs and merry-making.

In the middle of January I travelled down to Keijo for some days in order to arrange for the prolonging of our hunting licences. On my return we went to the neighbourhood of the town of Kainei and thence to a spot about fifteen miles beyond where we settled down in a Korean hut to study the animal life of that region. Here we twice went after pheasants with a hawk again, learning more of that interesting form of sport. I became so keen on it that I got a hunting hawk for myself. He was so tame and so well trained that there was no trouble about keeping him with us in our room.

Later we betook ourselves up into the mountainous tracts near the Manchurian frontier where we went after wild boar and roe deer and spent interesting days in the company of Russian and Korean hunters.

Up in the heights near the Tumen River live the Gorals or Goat Antelopes (*Nemorhaedus raddeanus*). In my next chapter I shall tell of a day spent hunting some of them.



## A DAY'S GORAL HUNTING

WHEN I GOT out of bed very early on the 23rd of February and set my feet on the warmed floor of our Korean hut, I could see from the appearance of our paper door that the morning was fine. Putting out my head I saw that the sky was cloudless. It was extremely cold. The sun would soon be up. I was in a valley situated half a day's march from the Tumen River by the Manchukuo frontier.

I had decided to spend the day hunting gorals which I knew were to be found on some hills not far off. As soon as I had had a good breakfast of wild boar's flesh and several mugs of tea, I left the hut at 8.30 a.m., accompanied by a Korean hunter. We took four dogs with us.

Before we came to the region where we were to begin our hunt we had to walk nearly four miles. We followed one of the river valleys, walking now on the frozen river surface, now along a path which had been made by ox sledges along the river bank. To either side of us rose massive precipices, some of them terribly steep, some with wooded slopes. On the northern side the snow lay deep but on the south there remained only patches of it. Wild boars were numerous in the great forests all around and two days earlier a leopard had been shot in the vicinity.

After a march of an hour and a half through this

valley, in which we saw some Korean huts, we came to one which was in a state of dilapidation. Some dogs were outside it, barking. It had been abandoned as a permanent abode but for the moment it housed three Korean boar-hunters. In the front room lay three carcasses of boars which they had shot the previous day.

We stepped in and greeted the hunters, who were sitting round a big wooden trough, devouring a porridge like mixture of millet and boar entrails. They asked us to have some. Beaming with good will, they were most pressing in their invitations, and my companion took a fair share of it, but I excused myself on the ground that I had had such a good breakfast I couldn't eat any more. I have partaken of worse meals in my time, but I really was not hungry enough to stomach the unappetising mixture, to which all helped themselves with spoons out of that trough!

We then proceeded up into the neighbouring hills.

In Korea this is how gorals are hunted as a rule. A man with dogs walks along the slopes kicking down stones here and there, after the hunters have made their way up to the topmost heights whither the gorals generally rush when they are startled.

Accordingly I told my Korean to make a circuit of our first hill with the dogs while I clambered up to the top. It was steep and difficult climbing and it took me about three quarters of an hour to get up the whole way. Looking down I could then see the Korean no bigger than a pin's head far away in a valley. He had not yet begun to walk up the slopes.

The sun was giving out plenty of warmth and for once in a way there was very little wind. I was wet through with perspiration after my exertions. I sat down on a big stone and began to scour the surrounding peaks with my glasses. It was a most impressive scene.

A singularly wild panorama stretched out before my eyes, extending far into Manchukuo. On the mountain sides grew leafy trees chiefly, especially oak, but on the tops were pines and on some of the highest ridges also firs. With the help of my glasses I could make out the tracks of wild animals in among the distant trees. Without exception they were boars' tracks.

As soon as I had scrutinized all the near lying ridges where I might expect eventually to see the gorals, I turned my glasses towards a track in exactly the opposite direction. Suddenly I saw the dark shape of an animal standing out against the sky at a distance of five or six hundred yards. There could be no doubt about it—it was a goral. I had a good steady look at it. It stood on the top of a cliff and I could see how it turned its head now and again.

After I had waited a while and satisfied myself that there were no gorals forthcoming within shooting distance of where I stood, I decided to try and get within range of the one I saw. I had to make a circuit. It took me two hours to get round to the ridge where he was, as I had first to descend to the foot of the valley and then to climb a hill on which the snow was so deep that it reached my knees. It was a very steep ascent moreover so I had to exert myself to the utmost.

At last I got to the ridge in question and to a point on it a good deal higher than the goral. There was a row of pines, together with some oaks, between us now and this, I felt, would enable me to get within closer range of him if he were still in the same place. This I could not ascertain as he was now screened from my view.

The ridge itself was of an undulating formation and every time I got up on the top of a higher point in it I looked round in every direction. But there was no goral yet to be seen. It was very difficult to advance

noiselessly as the snow had been swept away by the wind on the ridge itself. At last I began to believe that the goral had vanished for good and all. Several hours had now passed since I sighted it.

I had now been able to look down all sides of the ridge except one. Without much hope I climbed up one more small peak and looked down among the rocks below. Suddenly I made out a fine big goral standing still about seventy yards away and looking in my direction. I raised my gun slowly, took aim quickly, and fired. The goral gave a start but to my astonishment remained standing. I had felt certain I had hit him. Next moment it made a spring and was lost in the depths of the rocks close by.

I hastened to the spot but could at first see no traces of him. There were no marks of any sort on the rocks nearest me, now free of snow. But after searching steadily I found a spot of blood on one about a dozen yards lower down, and then, further on, another. I could now be sure of the direction in which he had fallen. At last with my glasses I descried a dark object lying among the rocks sixty or seventy yards below, sure enough, it was my goral. When I got right down to it, I found that it was a singularly fine specimen, with splendid horns, and with a dark and thick coat.

I rested for a while. I had now to get my booty down into the valley. As the ground was stony and very steep it was extremely difficult to dispose of the body. It was a weight that I just could lift. On account of the loose stones I could not drag it along the ground so I tried to carry it but this was not easy. Twice the sand and stones slipped away under my feet and on both occasions I had to let loose of the goral which rolled down a dozen yards or so, then coming up against a

tree. I myself went sliding down also until stopped by a tree trunk.

It took me more than an hour to get down the snow-clad hill-side with my goral. It was then very late to try and drag it along over the snow in the valley, so I kicked up heaps of snow over it and then went in search of the Korean. I found him at last in the broken down hut. He had made his way back to it after he had finished his circuit of the hill. He had seen no gorals but only their tracks.

We now made tea and ate the food we had taken with us. After that we went to where I had left the goral which he then shouldered and carried all the way back to our hut in the next valley. Later in the evening he took the entrails out of the body, all the other Koreans in the house sitting round and looking on.

The liver was placed in a bowl and cut up. The Koreans then consumed the whole of it raw. They ate the kidneys raw also. The heart and gall-bladder were dealt with very carefully as both would be used as edicine. They would be dried and pulverized and the powder would be put in *saké* and thus taken by a woman after the birth of a child, as in the case of wild boars.

The Korean handed the heart and gall-bladder, each tied up separately, to me in the belief that I would sell them. But I presented them to him to give to his wife who was sure to be in need of them presently. He bowed deep in token of his gratitude.

And so our day ended and night fell on the Korean hut in the valley near the Manchurian frontier.



HOUSE OF KOREAN FARMER IN SHUOTSU VALLEY. THE CHIMNEY OF WOOD STANDS OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, WHICH HAS NO WINDOWS BUT MANY DOORS.



EVERY DAY KOREAN WOMEN CAME TO OUR HOUSE AT SHUOTSU TO SELL FIREWOOD WHICH THEY ALWAYS CARRIED ON THEIR HEAD. 10 SEN WAS ASKED FOR A BUNDLE LIKE THE ONE SEEN HERE. MOST OF THE WOMEN CARRIED A CHILD ON THE BACK. WHEN THE CHILD BEGAN TO CRY IT WAS SWUNG FORWARD TO HAVE ITS HUNGER SATISFIED.



BROTHER AND SISTER IN SHUOTSU.





PINE BRUSHWOOD IS THE ORDINARY FUEL IN KOREA. A FUEL-MERCHANT WAITING FOR CUSTOMERS IN A STREET OF KEIJO.





KOREAN FURNITURE SELLER WITH ALL HIS STOCK ON THE BACK.



THE KOREANS OFTEN GO FISHING ALONG THE  
RIVER BANKS.



THIS OLD MAN WAS MET IN THE FOREST GATHERING  
WILLOW-BARK FOR ROPE.



WE FERRIED OUR PACK-HORSES BY CANOE, ONE NATIVE HOLDING THE BRIDLE AND ANOTHER THE TAIL. A LONG BOARD IS ATTACHED TO EACH OUTER SIDE, ALONG THE WATERLINE, TO STEADY THE BOAT.



PLOUGHING AS PRACTISED IN SOME PARTS OF KOREA.





THE KOREANS MAKE GREAT USE OF CATTLE FOR RIDING.

BACK TO THE PAIKTUSAN WOODS

AMONG SWEDISH forest game-birds the black cock and the hazel-grouse are to be met with in Korea, the latter in the northern and central parts of the country, the former only in a circumscribed region near the Manchukuo frontier. It frequents more especially the great primeval forests which surround Paiktusan Mountains. The black cock is regarded by Koreans as one of the land's greatest rareties in the bird world.

During my first visit to the woods in the neighbourhood of the Paiktusan volcano in the late summer of 1935, I did not come across a single black cock. I was most anxious, however, to bring back a number of them to the Swedish Natural History Museum, as they differ substantially from our own species and are little known.

A very unpleasant difficulty in the way of getting at them was, however, the circumstance that the woods where they were most plentiful lay precisely within the zones wherein the armed Chinese and Korean bandits have their stronghold. I inquired now as to how the bandits had been behaving of late and I heard that they had been inactive. After a certain amount of hesitation, I decided to undertake the expedition thither and on March the 12th we set out from Shuotsu where we still had our headquarters.

A train journey of six hours brought us to Mozan,

the narrow-gauge terminus on the Manchukuo frontier. We tried to get further by motor car but it proved impossible that day. Next morning, in a snow storm, we made the thirty miles to our next point, Nojido, by motor truck. There we chartered an ox wagon for our baggage and proceeded on foot to Motojondo, where we intended to stay first.

On arrival there we were faced by an uncomfortable new experience. About sixty Korean vagrants had come to the village and settled down there for the moment, their own village having been plundered and every house in it burnt down by a large band of brigands. All the Motojondo houses, therefore, were packed. Our former host, however, was friendly enough to give us a room to ourselves, although he had no fewer than sixteen people in the house. Our room was, indeed, so small that we could only just manage in it but it was only for the one night. Next day all the homeless wanderers were being moved on by the authorities to another place. The news of the bandits' new activities, on the other hand, boded ill for us.

Next morning Sjöqvist and I started off on our climb. For three hours we kept along a pathway up the mountain in the direction of the volcano, then continuing up by different ways each on his own, hoping to get some black cock. The woods here consisted chiefly of larch with a sprinkling of birch and on the steep slopes of oak also. In the larch groves were bogs of various sizes.

A whole day's wandering in these tracts did not yield the sight of a single black cock. Instead I happened upon two roe deer, a hazel-grouse, a flock of blue magpies, some jays, a small kind of wood-pecker and a large kind, and some longtailed tits. Some of these birds I added to our collection, together with a Ural owl, a

three-toed wood-pecker and a great black wood-pecker which Sjöqvist shot. The Ural owl and the three-toed wood-pecker were new acquisitions for us.

Next day we went in quite a different direction. In a valley in which there were a number of native huts, I asked several Koreans whether they had seen any "metargi," as they call black cock, and one of them claimed to know where some were to be found. I promised him a reward if he would accompany us and show us the place. He was very willing to do so and we went on together.

After two hours wandering over marshes and through larch groves we saw a black cock—a hen—fly up at a distance of about ninety yards. She then perched on a tree about thirty yards further off. I advanced warily towards the tree but she flew off long before I was near enough to shoot and vanished completely. We saw no others that day.

On account of this same bird we decided next morning to move to one of several huts we had seen in the valley nearest to the spot where I had sighted her. Accordingly we installed ourselves in one which we found very comfortable and having done so we went out again. Both Sjöqvist and I saw black cock this time and he shot a male bird. Then I came upon a flock of thirty or forty. I shot at a male bird but at too great a distance. However the prospects now looked good.

Next morning we started out before daylight so as to be at the right spot when the sun rose. But there were snow storms almost all day. Tired out and covered with snow we returned home without having seen one single black cock.

Next day opened with radiant sunshine and a clear sky. We started out immediately after breakfast, parting company half an hour later and going different



ways. Quite soon, through my glasses, I descried three black cock about three-quarters of a mile away flying towards me. They flew down into a larch tree nearly half a mile off. I made my way towards this and discovered presently that there were a whole flock of them in the tree. There were both cocks and hens. Long before they had caught sight of me, unluckily, off they flew, one after another. I pursued them as best I could for several hours but in vain. All I came upon were two roe deer and a flock of wax-wings.

I now decided to go back to the precise spot where I had seen that hen bird. On my way thither, I saw a male fly up from out of the snow. At the moment I had been pre-occupied with some wax-wings which were within range and I had loaded my gun with small bird-shot. With this I could do nothing, but the black cock fortunately perched now on a tree not far off. I managed to get within range and fired. It proved to be a very fine specimen.

As soon as I had stowed it away carefully, I continued along a marshy bit of ground which was bordered on both sides by larch groves. Soon I saw two black cock—hens—perched on the highest branches of a larch tree. They were, both of them, busy consuming larch buds, their chief food at this period of the year.

I made a wide circle and tried to get nearer them in the shade of other trees but they had flown before I was in range. On the other hand I was able to note that a whole flock of black cock had been down below that morning. The snow had been falling until dusk the day before so that the tracks I saw must have been left since sunrise. They bore witness that the flock must have gone about all over the whortleberry bushes still covered with snow, searching for the berries which still

survived in March, although in a dried-up condition and not in great quantities. I also found holes which they had dug in the snow to rest in.

I went on in the direction which the black cock must have taken and soon I saw two hen birds perched on different larches. With the utmost possible care I got within range of one and brought it down. On the sound of my shot two other black cock flew off from the nearest tree, one of them a male. I now moved forward to pick up the hen and I slung my gun over my shoulder. Just as I stooped down to pick up the bird which had sunk deep into the snow, the snow-covered ground hard by broke open at three different points and out flew three more hens. They had got out of range long before I could get ready to fire at them. But half a minute later the same thing happened again and two more hens flew up. I was ready now and brought down both of them and I was just reloading when yet another couple—hens as before—flew up from the very same spot. Of these I hit only one. After that I saw no more.

The black cock had evidently been taking a morning nap under the snow. The holes were about one foot deep. The birds had dug themselves in. The holes were just of the same kind as those which they use for spending the night in. I found evidence several times afterwards that black cock are in the habit of indulging in such snoozes by day.

I now picked up my five hens and as it was still only the middle of the day I took a rest and had my lunch.

In the afternoon I sighted five roe deer but no more black cock. We shot only such roe deer as we needed for food and as Sjöqvist had already shot one we left those we saw now in peace. He had bad luck with the black cock this day and shot only one hen bird. On the

other hand he had come upon quite fresh tracks of a whole pack of wolves.

The following day I shot a very handsome black cock, a male, and a hen also. Sjöqvist brought down a hen and in the evening he sighted a flock of thirty-six black cock which had settled down for the night in among some larches. I was anxious to see how black cock spend the night in these regions, so I had asked him not to disturb any flock he might see at such an hour. I guessed that they would spend the night under the snow in the neighbourhood of the trees on which they perched at dusk. So we went thither during the night to see for ourselves. Unfortunately only one single bird, a hen, had settled there. The others had evidently flown off somewhere before darkness had set in. The hen in question lay in a snow-hole and flew up when I had got within three yards of it with an electric torch in my hand. It flew right up in the dark as most birds do when they are disturbed in their night quarters, among trees.

Next day there was a snow-storm which continued almost unceasingly and we did not see a single black cock but the day after we had radiant sunshine once more. Sjöqvist, who had been having bad luck during the previous days, was now very fortunate, shooting three old male birds and several hens. I had to be content with two hens which I had brought down with one shot.

After that we did not shoot any more as we now had enough for our museum collections.

On our return home that evening I was to have a very pleasant surprise. A Korean was sitting in the hut waiting for me with a live flying-squirrel, which he had in a box. I had promised a reward of ten yen (about twelve shillings) for such a specimen and many of the

villagers had gone about looking for one. It was in very good condition. It had been captured the previous day and looked very charming in its silky coat and with its large black eyes.

Examination of the crop showed that the principal food of all the black cock we had shot consisted of larch-buds and small larch twigs. Next came whortleberries. Most of them had also eaten hips and some also birch-buds, although in small quantities only.

After we had added a number of other birds to our collection, we returned to Motojondo, where a second live flying-squirrel awaited me. Thence we returned laden with our specimens, living and dead, to our Shuotsu headquarters, where the squirrels were to be well attended to. It was a great satisfaction to us to feel that we had secured all we had gone out to get and that we had escaped all contact with the brigands.

On our way home we met in the village of Nojido an acquaintance from Shuotsu, the Russian hunter, Resnianski, who had been out all the winter after wild boar and bears on both sides of the Korea-Manchuria frontier. He had shot five bears, which he had despatched in a frozen state to a store-house in Motojondo. When he went there to fetch them he found that thieves had broken in and stolen all the gall-bladders. As the gall-bladder is the most valuable part of the bear and fetches anything up to 100 yen, he was greatly chagrined over his heavy loss.

After this expedition we decided to leave our headquarters in Shuotsu altogether and move on to the western side of Korea. Our next destination was to be the mouth of the Yalu River.

So now we had to pack up all our collections and other belongings, and this was a big job. All the birds, mammals and insects were packed in metal boxes so

that they should not be damaged by the moist heat during the summer and on the way home through the tropics. A Korean carpenter made the boxes for us and we then went on packing day after day.

As soon as the great work of packing was completed we took farewell of our friends and acquaintances and set off on April the 15th for Keijo by the night train. Here we deposited our collections, and then we proceeded to the town of Shingishu, which lies on the Yalu River. Thence we went on by motor boat to the village of Riuganpo, which is situated near the mouth of the Yalu on the Yellow Sea.

## BY THE SHORE OF THE YELLOW SEA

A GREAT PLAIN spreads out on either side of the mouth of the Yalu River. The village of Riuganpo, which we reached on April the 21st, stands on the Korean side of the river mouth. We decided to make this village our headquarters for two months which we would devote to the study of the bird life of the region. We installed ourselves in a Japanese house in the village and we were able to begin our excursions next day.

Riuganpo is a very scattered village, inhabited chiefly by Koreans, but with numbers of Japanese and Chinese in it also. It is an important export place for rice which is grown on a great scale in this region. Before the Russo-Japanese War Riuganpo was one of Russia's chief strongholds in Korea, with a Russian garrison. A row of Russian barracks built of stone remains as a memento of those times. Upon a height in the village stands a Japanese monument with an inscription which records that it was with difficulty and at a cost of great sacrifices that the Russians were overcome at this place.

If you go up to the top of one of the heights in the village and look out over the countryside, you find it dominated in one direction by the mighty river, whose importance as a transport route is evidenced by the many vessels of different kinds that navigate it. For

the most part they consist of Korean and Chinese junks with heavy sails spread out on bamboos. But there are many motor boats also and large steamers. The latter are able to go about ten miles up the river, as far as the capital of the province, Shingishu, which is connected by a high iron railway bridge, with the town of Antung in Manchukuo. A continuous stream of human beings flows in both directions between the two countries along the two platforms beside the railway-lines.

If you look now in the other direction you see a great plain on which pine-clad peaks and hills rise here and there. Rice-fields preponderate, divided up into small squares for the sake of irrigation. But corn, millet and beans are also cultivated on a large scale.

Wherever you look you see clusters of Korean clay huts in the vicinity of all the hills and woods. Every bit of soil that can be cultivated is turned to account and it is a real agricultural landscape therefore. In among the woods lie Korean graves, all close together. If you would see woods less touched by the hand of man you must travel twelve or fifteen miles from the village.

At a first glance this landscape did not seem auspicious for our plans. It was all too densely populated. The reason why I had chosen Riuganpo and its environs as our field of operations during the spring and early summer was because the region is a great place of passage for migrating birds. When they follow the Chinese coast-line on the way up to their breeding places in Siberia they have to pass this way.

This year the spring came later than is usual in Korea. Everything was delayed by about a fortnight. At the beginning of our stay in Riuganpo there was not much for us to do but after a few weeks everything was

changed. New birds came every day from the south and we began to make any numbers of new and interesting acquaintances among the birds and to add considerably to our collections.

Among birds characteristic of this region and not belonging to the category of passing birds were the grey and white herons which are nearly always to be seen on rice-plantations. Beautiful blue kingfishers flew about along the canals and dykes. Occasionally I would see them dart their heads down into the water and bring up a wriggling fish. They dig out nests for themselves in the sand-banks and gravel-pits. Very characteristic of these parts also are the tufted hoopoes, which have their nests in hollow trees in the pine-woods and which you constantly hear uttering their peculiar cry, "up-up-up."

During the first part of our stay we also saw big flocks of geese every day and once on visiting an island out in the river mouth we saw great troops of them; they were almost exclusively of the Chinese species (*Cygnopsis cygnoides*). The main body of them, however, had already passed on their long flight to their Siberian breeding places. There were also a good many curlews and snipes of different kinds.

Early in May came blue, yellow, brown and grey flycatchers and a little later the golden oriole. A number of species of *Emberiza* had already arrived. A charming little tufted owl (*Otus japonicus*) passed by hastily, giving time for only a short acquaintance. There was an abundance of cuckoos, some of them Eastern Asiatic representatives of our own species, some of various other species, among them a much smaller one than ours with an extremely strange six syllable cry (*Cuculus poliocephalus*).

A very interesting dwarf-bittern, which was to be



seen both on trees and on the ground, came one day from the south. Whenever one got near it, it made itself as thin as it could, lifting its head right up. Out on the marshes and rice fields we saw water-rails and water-cock and at night we heard the strange sound of the night-jar.

Towards the close of our visit we saw Korea's most beautiful bird, the Paradise fly-catcher. With its bright colouring it has a really tropical look about it. Its beak and a ring round its eyes are light blue, its head is a shiny blue black, it is white underneath, and its back is a rusty brown. The old males have two rusty-brown tail-feathers of enormous length which give them a fantastic appearance.

There was an abundance of snakes, lizards and frogs. There were some unpleasant poisonous snakes which were troublesome to handle. The frogs indulged in an appalling concert every night in the rice-fields where they were in tens of thousands. Mammals, on the other hand, were rare in the open country. Hares and bats were the only kind we saw.

The life of the inhabitants of the village was very animated and varied. A market was held every five days and brought immense crowds into the central sections of it. All the dealers spread their wares as far as was possible out on the chief streets, but a good many took up their position in the by-streets. As a rule they put up a protective covering of some kind over their goods to keep off the rain or the sun.

In one street you could buy almost nothing except grain, etc.—corn, for instance, rice, millet, beans, hemp, etc. All this lay spread out on round straw mats with raised edges. Customers tested these wares by scooping about in them with little wooden or straw shovels. Neither, buyers nor sellers, were ever in a

hurry. Both parties could sit on their haunches indefinitely discussing qualities and prices. In another street were sold only straw mats of various styles and sizes; in yet another various kinds of baskets, axes, spades, and other such utensils. Here you may see a spade which has a very curious look about it, especially when it is in use. It is like an ordinary European spade but on each corner of its blade is an iron ring. In this is fixed a rope made of straw. Three men together use the spade. One of them presses it down into the ground and the other two drag it out again by the rope.

I could scarcely keep a straight face the first time I watched three Koreans working thus with one spade. Here in the Riuganpo region, however, I found that a six man spade was still commoner. I would like to see the look on a Swedish peasant's countenance the first time he stood watching six Koreans all working away in deadly earnest with one single spade! A drawback to the Korean system is that the collaborators must have some trouble in assembling every time they are to dig as six grown men are seldom to be found here in the same house.

Strictly speaking the six man spade consists of two spades fixed together, but together they have not a bigger blade than an ordinary spade. Two men press it down into the ground, and on either side stand two men who drag it up again by the ropes. The photograph herewith shows what it looks like when in use. It must be a very effective means of preventing unemployment!

On market day one Korean will sit with an entire hardware store spread out all round him on the street, another with a cobbler's wares and outfit, a third with some hundreds of pairs of stockings, a

fourth with uncountable articles of underclothing. As I pass by, the underclothing merchant is uttering a panegyric upon a pair of breeches which he is holding up before an admiring audience and which he declares to be the world's strongest and best. All round the cloth merchant squat a group of women scrutinizing critically all the various brightly-coloured stuffs on sale, while he is so energetic over his talk of measuring up and pricing that the perspiration pours down his cheeks.

One old fellow clad in rags goes about and plays on a curious flute, pocketing, here and there, some of the smallest Korean coins in circulation, the equivalent of a farthing.

One stand is completely surrounded by people, all dressed in white as usual. Making my way into their midst I find that a Korean is holding forth, with many gesticulations, about two live snakes which he is waving about, four or five feet long, and which he wants to sell for medical purposes.

In one long row sit the Chinese greengrocers. They all have their wares in two baskets which they carry on a thick staff on their shoulder when they are on the move but which they now have on the ground beside them where they squat, doing business with their customers and keenly on the alert for new ones. Round some of them squat also groups of women chatting for all they are worth. The prices are incredibly low. You may buy a big heap of green vegetables for a halfpenny.

A variety of methods are employed to attract the attention of passers-by. A dealer in pots and pans will sit by the hour, when not actually selling something, beating away on the back of a pan as on a drum all the time. Another salesman will be cutting away with a pair of scissors, keeping up another distinctive kind of

noise. A third will sing unceasingly while he takes one article after another and throws it up into the air.

Throughout the entire market the din is terrible. Quite apart from the shouting and screaming which go with salesmanship, there are continual outbreaks of cries whenever an ox or an ass has to be got through the crowds, with or without a cart behind. The man in charge of the animal has simply to yell his way through the whirlpool.

In one street corner a man sits selling the quaint black top hats peculiar to Korea, made of horse hair or of bamboo fibre. Very often, however, Koreans wear a little rudimentary kind of brimless hat which is also on sale here.

In addition to these two varieties, there is quite a large assortment of other kinds of hats in vogue in Korea. The largest is the mourning hat worn by men. It is like an umbrella in shape and its size may be seen from the photograph. It is worn by men only and is worn as I have said before, three years after the death of the father and two years after the mother. In the towns and larger villages it is now seldom seen but it is still worn in remoter country districts. Its size and shape prevent the wearer from seeing the sky or the sun and Koreans declare that a man has to wear it as a punishment for being so sinful that his parents have died too early.

In another street corner a group of ten or eleven women sit baking pancakes of a kind—not very appetising in appearance but really good to eat. Here and there as you move about you come also upon stands heaped up with all kinds of delicacies especially tempting to younger folk.

The market is also enlivened by the presence of a number of geishas if that time-honoured term may

really be applied to the young persons who wander about and seek for clients among the public.

Now and again a Japanese policeman will make his way through the multitude, as though to show that Japan keeps her eye on everything. There is seldom any trouble. At all events I myself never saw any serious incident. Occasionally I met a man slightly the worse for liquor out on the country roads. That was all.

During our stay by the mouth of the Yalu River I repaired for a couple of days to Keijo to see the famous cherry blossom.



FROM THE FEAST IN SHARIIN    KOREAN GIRLS EXECUTING OLD-FASHIONED  
DANCES.



THE DANCING LION AT THE FEAST IN SHARIIN.





THE SWEDISH COLONY OF KOREA IN THE SUMMER OF 1936. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN IN THE GARDENS OF THE CHOSEN HÔTEL IN KEIJO. IN THE BACKGROUND THE "TEMPLE OF HEAVEN". FROM THE LEFT SITTING: MRS. BOIVIE, MISS ROBERTS, MISS OLSSON; STANDING: THE AUTHOR, MISS RYDEN, MRS. AKERHOLM, MR. SJÖQVIST.





KOREAN CHILDREN OF A KEIJO ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AT SWEDISH GYMNASTICS  
IN THE SCHOOL-YARD.



KOREAN SCHOOL CHILDREN AT "ATTENTION".

## WHEN THE CHERRY TREES ARE IN BLOOM

THE BLOSSOMING of the cherry trees is the occasion of one of the greatest festivals in the Japanese Empire. All over the country, in every town and every village in which it is practicable to grow cherry trees they have been planted. Certain towns—Kyoto, for instance—are specially famous for their cherry trees and to these towns thousands upon thousands of holiday makers come for the purpose of enjoying the lovely spectacle. In Southern Japan the blossoming begins already in March while it does not happen until May at Hokkaido in the extreme north.

In the capital of Korea you may see a display of cherry blossom which can scarcely be surpassed in Japan.

Late on the evening of May the 4th I arrived at Keijo from Riuganpo. When I stepped out from the station the rain was coming down slowly and veiled the lights of the city which were reflected on the wet asphalt pavements. I was greatly afraid that the cherry blossoms, which were now all out, would be destroyed by the rain during the night. But at the hotel they assured me there was no fear unless the rain came down more heavily.

Next morning when in bright sunshine I made my way to Shotokuen, the beautiful park which formerly belonged to the Korean Imperial Family and where

the Botanical and Zoological gardens are now located, to my great delight I saw on passing through the temple-like entrance that I had no reason for anxiety.

The entire range of gardens was radiant with the pink of the cherry blossoms and crowded in every direction by people attired in white. Nearly all the paths in the great undulating pleasure ground were bordered by cherry trees in single or double rows, and beneath them sauntered all the tens of thousands of holiday makers. The immense majority of these were Korean (all in white) but there was a good sprinkling of Japanese men and women, the latter in gay colours which added to the brightness of the scene. Here and there on the swards and slopes families had settled down on straw mats—to be procured in the gardens—to partake of meals and refreshments. There were any number of children of all sizes down to babies in arms. Most of them added to the charm of the picture by the vivid hues of their dresses. There were school children here and there with their teachers. All seemed fascinated by the wonderful spectacle nothing comparable with which is to be seen in Europe.

Most of the cherry trees had the pink in their blossom which is typical of the Japanese cherry trees but there were also a number of different species brought from Korean wilds which bore quite white blossoms.

The Japanese cherry trees bear no fruit. There are indeed in Japan specimens of the ordinary cherry tree which is fruit bearing, but these have nothing to do with the kind which has won for Japan the name of Cherry Blossom Land.

For a couple of hours I wandered about all over the extensive park revelling in the fairy-land loveliness of all

I saw. I was envious of the people who could enjoy so unique a sight every year.

In order to enhance still further the beauty of the display this park, like so many other pleasure-resorts in Japan, is charmingly and fantastically illuminated after dusk.

The Japanese director of the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, Mr. Shimokoriyama, was anxious to show me what they looked like at their very best, so as soon as we had finished dining in the town itself we drove back to the park in the evening. From quite far off it was clear that something special was a-foot. The streets nearest the park were in part shut off for motor cars and the trams were over-crowded. Great masses of men and women were moving along in the direction of the park and the police had their work cut out to direct the traffic.

When I passed through the gates this time it was like stepping into a wonder-land. Coloured lights were placed in all the blossoming trees and all along the rows of trees hung an endless succession of lamps all with electric light. In addition the trees were illuminated by strong search-lights skilfully concealed. The effect was marvellous.

Against the dark sky above and around the blossoms stood out most beautifully. They really were a more wonderful sight now than by daylight. My Japanese friend claimed with pride that in the whole of Japan there was no place where "night cherry" (to use his own expression) produced so fine an effect as here.

For an hour and a half we roamed about among the concourse of 15,000 people who were now in the park. The evening was warm although it was only the 5th of May. In every direction you saw little family groups sitting out on their straw mats. Some sang out of

sheer joy, a few inspired by *saké*—the rice-wine of Japan. But it was remarkable what orderliness prevailed and how quiet the crowds were.

No alcoholic spirits are to be had in the park but some people take liquor with them and drink it secretly, as my host put it. I found, however, that the visitors did not take any strenuous steps to observe secrecy in the matter and it was evident that the caretaker and the police looked another way.

There was a special playground set aside for children with swings, "Russian Railways" and such like. The youth of Japan and Korea seemed thoroughly happy there, to judge by their shouts of joy and radiant faces.

In another direction a stage had been set up and in front of it, seated on straw mats on the ground, was an audience of some 5,000. We watched the show for about half an hour. A prestidigitator brought off amazing tricks for a delighted public. There was dancing, with Korean and Japanese performers for the most part. An unusual sight in the audience was the large number of small children sleeping comfortably on their mothers' backs!

The entertainment went on from seven o'clock until half-past ten when the park was closed. There was no charge for looking on. For entrance to the park at night one paid the equivalent of about twopence, in the daytime about a penny-farthing.

My host told me that the number of visitors two days earlier—a Sunday—had amounted to 96,000, of whom 30,000 were there in the evening. This was a record number.

Not far from the specially constructed stage lay a beautiful pond into which cascades of delicately divided streams of water gushed forth from an artificial

rockery. These were lit up by screened flash-lights and made a wonderful effect.

A great number of the Korean visitors were from the provinces, my host told me. When one thinks of the simple clay huts in which they live and of their monotonous toiling existence, one can imagine what an amazing experience it must be for them suddenly to move into this wonderland conjured up for them in the centre of the capital.

## THE THOUSAND-YEAR-OLD TEMPLE IN THE WILDERNESS

ON JUNE the 19th we left Riuganpo. The visit had been more productive than any of those to other regions previously and our collection had been increased by 380 specimens of birds, many of them rare and interesting ones, and by hundreds of snakes, lizards, and frogs, as well as by several hundred ethnographical items. I was, therefore, extremely contented with my stay there.

Our next headquarters were to be in the interior of the country, by the southern boundary of the Northern Heian Province. On June the 20th we reached the station of Myokosan by train and went on thence by motor car for about four miles through a river valley which was covered by the most luxuriant leafy woods that extended up its steep sides. Here we stayed in a Korean guest-house, from which we went out on our excursions up into the mountains and forests all round.

It is in this valley that one of Korea's most famous temples is situated. According to what I was told, it was founded 970 years ago and Koreans have been making it a place of pilgrimage ever since in order to perform their devotions there.

During our stay in this valley I often went up to the temple in question to examine the beautiful craftsmanship shown in it and to look on when Korean pilgrims offered up their prayers.

The temple consists of a whole complex of buildings, all of which are most impressive owing to their great age, the art shown in their construction and their numerous ornaments. All the buildings are of wood and the whole of the inside of the roof and all the beams are richly painted.

The centre of the place is formed of four temples which are built round a court. In the centre of this rises a very fine pagoda of stone. One of these temples by reason of its size and rich ornamentation dominates the other three and stands higher than them. From it you look straight across a row of temple halls or temple gates. In the nearest of these hang a gigantic bell, a massive wooden drum, a gong, and an enormous wooden fish and various other things. In a kind of passage stand two human figures larger than life size. They look like devils or evil spirits. Within another temple court is a second pagoda of stone which is 700 years old.

In the principal temple are a number of gilded images of Buddha and the walls are richly adorned with paintings of human and animal figures.

In a temple standing to one side are preserved 3,500 wood-cuts, illustrating as many pages of the sacred Buddhistic writings. These wood-cuts vary in age from 400 to 600 years and have all been executed by priests of the temple. It must have been the task of many lives to cut out the thousands of Chinese ideograms which every page consists of. These wood-cuts are still being printed from to-day.

In yet another temple at the time of one of my visits a number of Korean monks sat as immobile as Buddhist images on the ground with their faces turned towards the wall. They were all evidently lost in meditation. Trees of immense age grew round the temple, for the



most part pines and firs but also some leafy trees, among them a ginkgo. In the cool shade beneath these trees I watched the monks walking and reading their sacred scriptures. Numbers of red peonies were in bloom round the temple.

A little way off lay a graveyard in which some of the leading monks were buried in former times. Very strange stone monuments were erected over their graves. They looked like monstrous mushrooms and are said to be about 600 years old.

At present sixty Korean monks are living in the temple. A number of youths in addition are always there studying to become monks. There are eighteen such students at present.

Every morning all the year round the prayer services begin soon after three o'clock in the morning and go on—an hour at a time—until seven in the evening. I was anxious to see what the services were like so I went to the temple at three o'clock one morning. It was still completely dark. When I got near the temple I heard the gong sounding. I hurried my steps and was there in a couple of minutes.

I took up a position in the temple courtyard and listened to the gong which continued to sound. Within twenty yards of where I stood I could make out the dark figure of the monk who was beating the gong. At about the same distance from me in the opposite direction stood another monk who now began to sound the bell. Both were now singing with high-pitched strange voices. They gave out a hollow kind of sound, a kind of monotonous lamentation. For at least ten minutes they sang hymns in honour of Buddha in this way, while continuing now and again to strike the bell and the gong.

In the darkness I could see three monks cross the

temple courtyard one by one at brief intervals. All went into the same temple. Half-way through the courtyard they walked more slowly and with hands clasped in prayer made a bow and then went on.

The monk who had been beating the gong presently went up to the huge bell which hung in the same temple. Daybreak had come now and I was able to see how he struck the ancient bell with great force. The sound thundered out all over the valley. He put as much vigour into it as a man does with a sledge hammer. I was curiously thrilled as I listened in the dim morning light to the bell's sound reverberating through the Korean wilderness. This feeling became intensified when I reflected that the same sounds had been going forth from this venerable temple for close on a thousand years.

Some minutes later the monk passed from the great bell to the gigantic wooden drum already mentioned. He now began to beat on this with swift blows and the noise that resulted was like that of beating carpets. He ended by beating for a minute or two the hollow wooden fish, then quitting the temple silently and quickly.

Immediately after half-past three a score of monks had assembled in one of the temples. Two lights were burning before the altar and there was a lamp shining. The monks arranged themselves in a semi-circle, seated on the ground with their legs crossed. Some were dressed in white, others in black. They now began to intone hymns in high-pitched voices. After a while they all stood up and with hands raised in prayer towards the image of Buddha, alternately bowing and kneeling down and touching the ground with their foreheads.

After this they all moved off and placed themselves

in double file in front of the altar which was at one end of the front of the temple. Here they repeated the same ceremony as in the interior. Finally they returned into the temple, sat down again with their legs crossed and continued their prayer. It was now daylight and a cuckoo could be heard calling. Immediately after a night-jar sent forth its queer cry. I then thought the time had come for me to return to my study of the awaking world of birds, and I disappeared quietly from the scene. Not one of the monks had observed my presence.

## IN THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH

DURING OUR STAY near Myokosan in that river valley by the ancient temple we made acquaintance with a gigantic stalactite grotto. Its dimensions are so enormous that it would constitute a tourist attraction of the first rank if it were in Europe.

One terribly hot day in June—the 26th—we made our pilgrimage to it. After a railway journey of about an hour, in south westerly direction, we came to the station of Kiuyo. In the oppressive heat the Koreans lay indoors and dozed or sat and smoked their pipes at their open doors.

From Kiuyo it was a walk of two miles to the grotto. The last stretch of the road went in meandering fashion up the slopes of a hill. At last we reached the hole which was to take us into the grotto. We had with us two Koreans who were well acquainted with all the maze-like passages in it. These began by lighting two lanterns to enable us to see our way down. They told us that the grotto was discovered in the Eighth Century, when a Korean chieftain who was at feud with another, hid himself in it with his people, a number of Buddha images and other treasures.

Down we went into the cavity which forms the passage into the grotto. It was not quite four yards wide and a little more than two in height. It was very steep, but primitive steps had been made in it. Soon its

steepness was so great that we had to use a ladder which took us down to some steps of stone that led us into immense caverns with wonderful stalactite formations on their walls. There were passages leading out in different directions and our local guides declared that no one had ever reached the end of some of them.

In one great hall-like cavern were several fireplaces with walls of stone or clay. These had been used by the Koreans during the Russo-Japanese war when the inhabitants had taken refuge in this grotto in order to keep out of sight. These fugitives brought with them considerable sums of money which they hid for safety in the numberless labyrinths. The smoke from their fires had begrimed the beautiful white stalactites along the walls. Previously these had shone out brightly.

We continued our wanderings which took us through passages so low that we had to stoop down and then into halls about sixty yards high. The stalactite formation grew more and more fantastic. Sometimes they looked like organ pipes. Sometimes the ceilings looked like a range of miniature mountain-peaks upside down. There were pillars of grotesque shape standing about here and there. Some of the formations were reminiscent of images of Buddha, some looked like gigantic mushrooms, and one bore a certain resemblance to a camel.

Most of them, however, hung down from the roofs like icicles. These are known as stalactites and they consist chiefly of carbonate of lime. A stalactite comes into existence through carbonate of lime settling from water-drops on the roof of the grotto. As the water drops, a tube of calc-spar forms which gradually increases in thickness and in length. On the floor of the grotto the lime which is still present in the falling

drops of water assumes new carbonate of lime formations, the so-called stalagmites, which grow upwards and sometimes meet its corresponding stalactites.

Sometimes we had to climb up in a narrow channel and it was comforting to remember that Korea is not liable like Japan to earthquakes. Otherwise one would have been afraid of being crushed by the great stone block above and all around.

As we were passing through one large and deep opening, our Koreans told us that six skeletons of bears had been found in it. They had evidently made their way down with a view to finding lairs for themselves and then had been unable to find their way back through all the labyrinths and had met a painful death.

In many parts there were pools of water and to my astonishment I saw two boats lying on dry ground in one big cavity. The Koreans explained that at certain times of the year the water flows through some of the passages and attains a depth of several yards and that at these times you can move about in the boats for long stretches.

They said also that a Buddhist priest had spent a year and a half down here in the bowels of the earth, occupied in prayer and meditations.

In one stalactite formation which looked like the pipes of an organ, various kinds of sound were evoked when you hit with a cane on the different pillars and on one stone wall there was produced a glistening as of countless diamonds if you allowed the light from a lamp to play on it.

The total length of the grotto as far as it has been possible so far to measure it with its side passages is a little over a mile, but as already stated there are several sections of the labyrinth which have never yet been penetrated to the end.

We wandered about for some hours in this astonishing subterranean world. Finally we emerged from it through a hole in the other side of the hill. When we got out it was quite hard to open our eyes in the strong sunlight and the warmth seemed almost unbearable. I thought then with pity of the Buddhist priest who had spent a year and a half in those dark and chilly depths.

## THE MYSTERIOUS DWARF OWL

WHEN DARKNESS sinks down over Korea's hills and valleys of a summer evening and all the singing birds are silent, you sometimes hear a strange call from the woods high up on the hills. A curiously clear high note it is—Bupp-po-so! Bupp-po-so! Hour after hour you hear it repeated with an almost metallic tone. Usually you hear the whole trisyllable but sometimes only the first two syllables. It goes on all through the night.

"What can that cry be?" I often asked my Korean neighbour.

"Some kind of night-bird but no one knows what it is," was the only reply they could give.

We made efforts to reach the spot whence the sound came but whenever we seemed to have got near it, either it ceased or else we heard it coming from some quite different direction. The difficulty of approaching it was the greater, in that Korean summer nights are extremely dark and also that the ground was rough and uneven.

The strange cry continued always to puzzle me. One experienced hunter declared that it came from a little grey bird, but the cry seemed to me too loud for that.

The mystery was complicated by the circumstance that the previous mentioned beautiful broad-billed roller (*Eurystomus orientalis calonyx*) is called



"Bupposo" by the Japanese and that many people declare that it is this bird that gives out the cry. I had, however, repeatedly come across this Korean broad-billed roller and had found that its cry was quite different. Moreover, as far as I could discover, it was never up and about during the night.

In the spring of 1936, while we were staying near the mouth of the Yalu River, I learnt that the mysterious cry was to be broadcasted from Japan over all the Japanese radio stations and also over the Korean station at Keijo. The microphone was to be placed in a river valley in the neighbourhood of the Japanese town, Nagoya. We assembled with great eagerness round a loud-speaker in the village of Riuganpo in the evening of May 24th. The announcer began by saying that it was not yet known for certain from what bird the strange cry came but that it was believed it came from a very small owl.

We were then taken off to the Japanese river valley. At first we could hear only the roar of the swift torrent which was in greater force than usual because of heavy rainfalls during the last few days. In the distance, however, we presently heard the cry—Bupp-po-so, Bupp-po-so! Sometimes it was stronger, sometimes weaker. And there could be no doubt about it—it was the same cry we had so often been hearing in Korea.

Owing to the loud roar of the torrent, this first broadcast was not entirely satisfactory but there was another one next night and this was a complete success. The strange metallic voice rang out clearly over the whole Japanese Empire.

Sjöqvist and I had long suspected that the cry came from the smallest of the Korean owls, *Otus japonicus*, a little yellowish-brown bird which is not much bigger than a bullfinch and which carries two tufts on its head.

It looks like a diminutive specimen of the eagle-owl. We had met with four examples of this species and had added them to our collection. But none of them had emitted the cry in our hearing. We had the more reason to suspect that this little owl was the source of the mysterious cry as Sjöqvist one evening before it became quite dark, had seen a bird of this owl's size come flying to a large tree and then call out bupp-po-so.

Mr. Shimokoriyama, director of the Zoological Gardens at Keijo, said he was certain that the cry of bupp-po-so came from this owl.

One day during the summer he sent me word that a Korean had come to him with four young dwarf-owls. When I had the opportunity later of seeing them they were already fully grown and extremely pretty. He presented me with two of them. I was of course delighted and decided to try and bring them home with me to Sweden alive. But for the time being they remained in the Zoological Gardens, where they were looked after in the best manner possible.

These small owls live to a great extent on insects, especially grass hoppers, but they probably also catch mice and small birds. The four young owls in question were fed at first on a very curious kind of food which the Japanese use for insect-eating birds. It consists chiefly of powdered fish and powdered soya beans. This is moistened with water and the birds like it very much. In addition to this they were given grass hoppers and sometimes fresh meat.

When I travelled back to Sweden I had my charming little owls with me in a small bamboo cage. I had with me also two other cages with Korean song birds in them. So that they should not attract attention on the journey I had put a covering over each cage. One

night when the express was rushing along over the Manchurian plains I heard from my sleeping compartment the strange cry of bupp-po-so, bupp-po-so! It was the male bird indulging in practice of the cry. He emitted it softly and not with the clear voice of the adult bird but quite distinctly. Had I been still uncertain as to the source of the sound, this would have dispelled my last doubt.

Unfortunately that was the last time I was to hear my little owl. Whereas my other Korean birds all survived the fatigues of the long journey through Siberia and Russia and reached Sweden in first-rate condition, I did not succeed in bringing the two small owls home alive.

## SUMMER DAYS IN KEIJO

DURING THE summer Korea suffers from a rainy period which lasts generally for five or six weeks from the middle or end of June. During these weeks the rain sometimes comes down for day after day without a break. At the same time the weather is very warm and the result is that everything gets mouldy. The temperature keeps as a rule between 80 and 100 Fahrenheit, sometimes higher. Single fine days do come even during this rainy period but you cannot count on many fine days in succession. Spring and autumn on the other hand are periods of almost constant fine weather there. The Korean winters also are for the most part fine but they are cold, especially in the central and northern parts of the country, where the temperature sinks to  $-40^{\circ}$  F.

At the beginning of July we stayed for a while at Keijo in order to make all ready for Sjöqvist's return to Sweden. His leave of absence was up on August the 1st, so he had to be back by that date.

Before his departure I succeeded in gathering together the Swedish colony in Keijo for a dinner at the Chosen Hotel. The colony consists only of five permanent members. These are, Miss Elisabeth Roberts, who is head of a big hospital in Keijo, and four ladies in the service of the Salvation Army, namely Brigadier Verna Olsson, Major Ellen Lindqvist, Major Mathilda

Akerholm, and Adjutant Tora Rydén. Major Lindqvist, whom we had met the year before in Keijo, was now home on leave but Mrs. Ebba Emilie Boivie, who had retired on a pension after twenty years service for the Salvation Army in India, was there for a while.

So there were seven of us Swedes, including Sjöqvist and myself—not so bad a muster for so distant a place. We had the dining-table adorned with the Swedish flag and we spent a most enjoyable evening together. After dinner we took a photograph of the whole group out in the hotel garden with The Temple of Heaven in the background.

All the five Swedish ladies, who now had their homes in Keijo, were engaged in various kinds of philanthropic work. Major Akerholm was superintendent of a Rescue Home for young girls. With the exception of Miss Rydén they had all been in Korea about twenty years and therefore knew the conditions of life there very well, and all of them spoke Korean fluently. They told us many interesting things about their work and they said that Keijo had changed so much during these twenty years that one could hardly realize it was the same town. There had been progress in everything, and poverty and need which formerly were acute had diminished greatly of late. Formerly, they said, the streets swarmed with youthful beggars but now there are very few of them and of the older beggars, too. One professional beggar might still be seen at a certain street corner in the middle of the city but this beggar, as I know from an absolutely trustworthy source, owns two houses and has three wives.

Major Akerholm told us that formerly beggar children used to spend the winter nights in the town sewers. These sewer drums were under the control of

older beggars who let out sleeping space in them to the children at the rate of one sen a night. Some of the children spent nights in the boxes into which are thrown the ashes from furnaces. It wasn't so cold sleeping in them as elsewhere, but the children became so black from the ashes and the soot that sometimes they couldn't recognize each other when taken to the Salvation Army Homes for Boys and thoroughly washed.

Many children had been rescued thus from the sewers and been brought up in the Homes and trained for some occupation. I went one day in Major Akerholm's company to visit one of these Homes and found in it one room full of boys of seven and eight. They were all sitting on the floor knitting mittens. In another room the boys were being taught tailoring, in a third carpentry. Many of these boys from the sewers have become well behaved and industrious manual labourers but other have run away and resumed their careers as beggars. Most of the youthful beggars are under the command of some older one to whom they have to hand over their day's earnings.

I visited also one of the Salvation Army's Homes for small girls. This was in the charge of a Danish lady. Most of the children were foundlings or at any rate orphans. It happened occasionally that a parcel containing a small child would be left on the steps of the Home. Many of the children in this room looked very sweet and the directress made the smallest of them, aged five or six, sing and dance for me. When they are older they are taught to sew and do other useful work.

We spent several very pleasant evenings with these Swedish ladies in Keijo. Miss Roberts took us after dinner one evening to see her hospital, which is really

almost a maternity hospital. It was pleasant to see the little newly-born Korean babies. They looked very healthy and bonny in their row of small beds in a room specially set aside for them, each with its name-label made out in Chinese lettering.

"This one was born to-day," said Miss Roberts, pointing to a little dark-haired baby, "but to-day we are not well supplied with babies for five of them left us this morning. They have to stay a week with us." "Aren't those two sweet?" Miss Olsson now exclaimed, pointing to two who were two days old. I myself thought they all looked as like each as berries but no doubt their mothers were of another opinion.

This hospital stands on a height near the Eastern City Gate. Especially in the evening when the city is lit up the view from it is extraordinarily fine.

I paid many visits to it, partly because Miss Roberts had been so kind as to let me rent an excellent room in it to keep my collections and supplies in.

Before Sjöqvist started for home, he and I were invited to a dinner at the Full Moon restaurant by our Japanese friends, Mr. Oda, Dr. Mori and Mr. Shimokoriyama. Korean dancing girls entertained us with songs and dances until midnight and we all enjoyed ourselves very much.

On July the 6th Sjöquist at last got away, travelling through Siberia and reaching Stockholm in thirteen days without any adventures. I myself proposed to stay on in Korea for some months.

While at Keijo I was continually moving about in search of items of ethnographical interest and I secured a good many things for the Ethnographical Museum in Stockholm.

One day I paid a visit to a Korean common school in Keijo in the company of my Japanese friend, Mr.

Tsumura. It was equipped in very modern style and was reserved exclusively to Korean children. I found it extremely interesting to watch all the children—they must have numbered at least a thousand—when they were having their Swedish gymnastics in the great playground. Swedish gymnastics are taught all over Japan and Korea. I was present also in schoolrooms while lessons in spelling and reading aloud were in progress. In the spelling lessons the poor little things had to paint the ideograms with Indian ink. I couldn't help feeling sorry for them with all the difficult Japanese and Chinese letters to learn. In the course of my visit I took moving pictures of the children thus at work.

On the 15th of July a great event was to take place in Keijo. This was a Japanese religious festival and according to what I saw in the paper over 100,000 spectators were expected to be present.

The purpose of the festival was to do honour to deceased relatives by offering up certain delicacies on the Han River to their spirits. These delicacies, fruits, rice cakes, etc., were placed in very small boats—the longest not much more than a few yards long—constructed of fine but brittle material. All these boats were adorned with paper lanterns all lit. Some of the offerings consisted only of a single package shaped like a boat with just one paper lantern on it.

Processions from all parts of Keijo, carrying the richly adorned boats in question, made their way at an easy pace along the road several miles long, to the riverside. The streets of the town were crowded with people, and the police, helped by boy scouts, carrying paper lanterns, were kept directing the traffic. For hour after hour the procession continued. When at last it reached the river-side, where the banks were lined by tens of thousands, the police allowed one group



at a time of the seemingly endless train to come forward to a specially reserved spot, where the sacrifice was to take place.

As a rule each boat was accompanied by a family. A family group would now move down to the river, step out on a small pier, and carefully launch its lantern-lit boat. With all its lanterns lit and with its cargo of delicacies stowed away on board, the boat then fared out into the stream while those who launched it bowed their heads and held their hands together in prayer as in a temple.

Out in the stream police-boats patrolled, their duty being to see that no one should appropriate the delicacies on the boats and that these should sink together with the boats and the lanterns. This happened in due course. Wherever one looked one saw the boats sinking.

I remained watching all this from ten o'clock at night until one o'clock in the morning. On my return to the town, I met an endless horde of people forming new processions down to the river-side. It was evident that the festival was going to last all night.

The event was favoured by the most beautiful summer weather. The sky was star-lit, there was no wind, perhaps the temperature was a little too high indeed—about 90 degrees Fahrenheit. Only Japanese participated in the sacrifices of the delicacies, but most of the spectators were Koreans, and I am sure there were more than a hundred thousand of them.

## AMONG THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS

IN THE eastern part of Central Korea there lies a mountainous tract so strange and so beautiful as to defy all comparison. The Japanese call it "Kongosan," the Koreans "Keum-kang-san," but among foreign visitors it goes by the name of "The Diamond Mountains."

It contains so many thousands of peaks so extraordinary and fantastic in shape that you can hardly believe your eyes and you almost begin to wonder whether you are not dreaming when you look at them.

In the wild valleys of this region swift torrents rush along, here and there producing cataracts of singular loveliness. In some of the remotest corners of it, often almost inaccessible, are monasteries and convents, some of them many centuries old, in which monks and nuns pass their lives, absorbed in meditations and in religious services to the honour of Buddha.

From prehistoric times this mountainous region has been regarded as sacred and it has formed a centre for Buddhism in Korea. Formerly the number of the monasteries was much larger than it is now. But there are still no fewer than thirty-two and the region continues to be a place of pilgrimage for Koreans and for Buddhists from other lands. They come in their thousands hither every year.

Nowadays it has become also a tourist resort by

reason of its scenery and the Japanese of recent years have constructed roads, bridges, hotels, and wayside huts for the comfort of visitors. They have also made the region into a National Park.

You go to it from Keijo by train. It takes you six hours and ten hours respectively to get to the two starting-points for wanderings through the region, the villages of Choanji and Onseiri. The latter village lies quite near the shore of the Japanese Sea.

When I arrived at Choanji to see the Diamond Mountains for myself the rain was coming down in sheets. It was with great relief therefore and delight that after ten minutes walk from the station I reached my hotel, and was able to have a hot bath. After I had put on dry clothes and had had my lunch and a cup of coffee, I felt the weather could do what it liked. There was no question of any sight-seeing that day, and I could only hope for better luck the next. But the rain continued all that night and all the following day and all the following night too.

On the morning after that, although the outlook was still far from good, I engaged a Korean carrier, who placed my cameras and other necessities on a wooden contrivance (in great vogue in the country) which he lifted on to his back. The contrivance in itself weighed a good many pounds but he did not seem to worry over his burden. My purpose was to visit the temple of Futokukutsu, which is regarded as beyond a doubt the strangest temple of all Korea.

We wandered first through the village of Choanji and looked at its great monastery which was founded in the Sixth Century. It comprises no fewer than sixteen temples and halls and these were richly adorned with fine Buddha images, paintings and flower decorations. Sixty monks were living there. There was a wonderful

view from the monastery over the mountainous wilds all around, the lower slopes of which were densely wooded with spruce. The buildings stand close to the bank of a torrent-like river whose waters were now swollen by the recent rains.

We then went along a river-side path and came presently to a huge rock, the front of which was covered by three images of Buddha cut out of the stone. The other side of this rock was adorned by no fewer than sixty small images of Buddha. According to the local legend they are 600 years old and they owe their origin to an enmity between a monk named Raio in one of the neighbouring monasteries and another monk named Kindo. They hated each other so much that they challenged each other as to which of them could carve the finest images of Buddha. He who lost in the contest was to commit suicide. Raio called upon Kindo to carve either three large or sixty small Buddha images. Kindo chose the second alternative, but Raio won in the contest because his work was held to be the finest. So Kindo committed suicide by throwing himself into the river a little distance from this rock.

Further on we saw a number of beautiful temples on the other side of the river. These were part of the Hyokunji monastery which is one of the four largest in Kongosan. It was founded in A.D. 677, but the present buildings are from the Sixteenth Century, when the earlier ones were destroyed by fire. Forty monks live in it. It is rich in images of Buddha and it is adorned with many interesting wall paintings and handsome wood carvings.

After leaving this monastery we pursued our walk until we came to a ravine which is called "the Valley of the Ten Thousand Waterfalls." It is very famous for its wildness and its beauty. Enormous granite blocks lie

along the ravine as though thrown down there. These force the masses of water to cascade, now in one direction, now in another.

Chinese letters are carved on the blocks of stone all over the valley. They are the names of visitors, commemorated by the monks in gratitude for gifts of money. Names are to be found carved on rocks all over Kongosan. Sometimes they are in huge letters, sometimes quite insignificant. Doubtless their size is in proportion to the size of the gifts. It is forbidden now to record the names thus.

At a turning in the ravine I came suddenly upon the goal I was making for, the Futokukutsu Temple. I have mentioned above that it is without question the most curious temple in Korea. It hangs partly in the air. It is built high up on the side of the ravine on a rock. Part of it is actually on the rock, but a portion of it projects into the air and is supported by a bronze pillar.

While I stood down below in the valley looking up at this amazing structure, I saw someone moving about in it. I had heard that one solitary monk lived there, devoting his life to prayers to Buddha. I was anxious to see what this monk looked like so I asked the Korean who was with me if he knew of any place where we could cross the river and climb up and greet him—he might benefit by a little sociability.

A primitive bridge had recently been carried away by the strength of the river, but we managed, although with great difficulty, to wade across at one point. Never have I been so near being drowned. What made the crossing so dangerous was that the wading-place was not far above a water-fall.

As soon as we reached the other side, we clambered up the height by a pathway. As we went up I could see

the monk in his red garment busy over his prayers before a Buddha image.

At last we reached the temple. As I did not want to disturb the monk, who was still praying, I inspected the environs and looked out over the valley of the Ten Thousand Waterfalls and the surrounding mountains—a wonderful sight. After about half an hour a bell which had been ringing from the place where the prayers were being offered up ceased and the monk came to where I stood. After we had greeted each other with the customary deep bows, I told him I came from a land in Europe called Sweden, and that I had been anxious to see this strange temple and to see how things were with him.

“How often do you offer up your prayers?” I asked.

Three times in the twenty-four hours, he answered. At three in the morning, at midday, and in the evening. He went on to say that the prayers lasted an hour each time and that while saying them he struck always on his temple bells. Winter and summer, year in, year out. In the dead of night and the cold of winter he stands in front of the image of the Buddha and prays to him. He seemed quite contented and happy and not to suffer from loneliness. But I imagine that the winters must be terrible up there and I could not help feeling pity for him.

He showed me all over his airy abode with the greatest friendliness. I examined the simple altar with the Buddha image which stood in the part of the temple overhanging the ravine. He opened a little hole in the floor so that I could look down into the depths—it was almost uncanny. I then took a photograph of this remarkable man and also moving pictures, both of him and the temple which was built about 250 years ago. When I took leave of him, he accompanied

me a little of the way down the steep path, saying good-bye with his hands clasped as though in prayer and bowing low, as though thanking me for my interest in him and in his prayers.

I had intended to return after this to Choanji, but the weather had cleared and was now so promising that I decided, instead, to wander over the mountain land of Kongosan to Onseiri. My carrier declared willing to accompany me on this additional journey of some days, although I had engaged him only for that particular expedition. I decided to make for Kongosan's highest mountain, Biroho, spend the night there in a hut and continue the following day to the other side of the region.

By winding pathways we marched along, accordingly, mounting higher and higher. After a bit we reached another big monastery which was founded in the Seventh Century, but of even greater interest was a very fine Buddha image nearly twenty yards high carved on the side of a great rock. It is declared to have been carved by that same monk, Raio, of whom we had heard already.

After several more hours of marching and of climbing up loose stones we came at last in the evening to Biroho, from which we could see the entire panorama of the Kongosan mountains. A marvellous sight was the series of mountain peaks arising from an ocean of clouds and in the far distance a faint glimpse of the Sea of Japan with its islands.

We spent the night in a stone hut together with a number of Japanese and Korean wanderers, and we proceeded on our way next morning.

The rain had come down in sheets all night and it still continued with undiminished strength when we made our start. It did not cease for a single minute all

day and after two hours of it I was wet through, as my raincoat was defenceless against such a downpour.

Those first two hours of walking over the wooded mountains brought us to the famous waterfall of "Kyuryuen," or the "Fall of the Nine Dragons." It is a magnificent waterfall, plunging sixty yards down a perpendicular cliff, on one side of which Chinese letters are carved. We rested for a while in a hut near it.

Then we proceeded on our way through the picturesque valley of Gyokuryodo, rich in smaller waterfalls and fantastically shaped blocks of granite. On both sides of this river valley rose mighty mountains. A wonderful waterfall called "Hikobaku," or "The Cascade of the Flying Phoenix," came tumbling down from a tremendous height from one of them.

In the course of the day we reached the village of Onseiri, where I had the immense satisfaction of getting out of my soaked clothes, taking a hot bath and putting on a dry Kimono.

A few days later I visited another part of the Diamond Mountains, which is called "Bambutsuso." The road thither from Onseiri followed a deep valley clad in leafy trees with immense mountains on either side of it. We turned presently from this into a valley going in another direction which after a march of several hours and much clambering over rocky bits and up narrow ravines led us to the summit of "Shin Bambutsuso," the loftiest of the three groups of rocky heights into which this region is divided. Here I had another marvellous view over the mountains of Kongosan with their yawning chasms and wild valleys.

Kongosan must have derived its peculiar surface sculpture through the immense erosion caused by the tremendous downfalls of rain in summer and by the



fierce frosts of winter. These two forces are still at work and you get a notion of what erosions can effect when you hear how the water thunders down in every ravine and note the masses of stones and gravel brought down by the water in the rainy season.

One day I visited the sea coast of Kongosan, which is famous for its beautiful islands and cliffs, on many of which are single pines which give them a very picturesque appearance, reminiscent of the islands off the coast of Japan.



LESSON IN HANDWRITING IN A KOREAN SCHOOL.



READING ALOUD IN A KOREAN SCHOOL.



THE KOREAN WOMAN SPENDS A GREAT PART OF HER LIFE WASHING CLOTHES.



A KOREAN CRIMINAL, BOUND TO A BENCH AND WITH HIS TROUSERS PULLED DOWN, RECEIVING PUNISHMENT IN THE PRESENCE OF WITNESSES.





A GROUP OF "KISAN". IN THE BACKGROUND, A TYPICAL KOREAN LANDSCAPE IN THE NORTH-WESTERN PART OF THE COUNTRY (SHARIIN).



A "KISAN", "SWEET SEVENTEEN".

## THE FLYING SQUIRREL

ONE OF THE most delightful animals I made acquaintance with in Korea was the flying squirrel. It is to be found in the northern part of the country, but is very difficult to get at as its habits are nocturnal and it spends the day sleeping in some hollow tree. It has a skin connecting its fore and hind legs. This enables it to float in the air. So far as I can learn only a few specimens of it have been captured in Korea. I was very keen, therefore, on getting hold of one alive in order to study it.

On my travels up and down Northern Korea, I questioned the inhabitants always about it but seldom met any one who had seen or even heard of such an animal. During my first summer I could not find out anything at all as to where it had its home, and I had to postpone more thorough investigation until the winter.

When I visited the tracts of country adjoining the Manchurian frontier in December, 1935, I encouraged the inhabitants to go on with their search and one fine day a Korean hunter actually shot one and offered it to me. It was the first time I had seen one close at hand. The hunter had sighted it in a tree in the middle of a wood of leafy trees of various kinds.

The charming little creature had a silky skin which was silver grey on its back but white underneath. Its tail, of a yellowish-brown colour, not a bushy plume like

that of our squirrel but broad and with the hair growing as it were in two rows. The broad skin which extended between the fore and hind legs gave it a strange appearance. What is most striking about it, after the skin between its legs, were its extraordinary large black handsome eyes. It is only about half the size of an ordinary squirrel.

In the course of the winter I secured three flying squirrels, but none living. When, in March, 1936, we went for the second time to the virgin forests round Paiktusan, I made it known in the village that I would pay ten yen for a live specimen.

Late one evening, when Sjöqvist and I returned to our hut after one of those long days looking for the curious Korean black cock already mentioned, we were greeted with the welcome news that a man was sitting within with a little box containing a live flying squirrel. He had been there all day with it. All our fatigue vanished at once and I made haste to examine the yearned-for trophy. In this little wooden box, with a wired front to it, sat the fascinating little beastie gazing out at us with his large eyes. It displayed little or no nervousness and Fujimoto told us that it had eaten millet during the day.

"How did you catch him?" I asked the Korean.

"I went about in the wood and hit all the hollow trees," he said. "Suddenly a flying squirrel jumped out of a hole in a hollow larch tree. I drew back cautiously and sat watching him. After a bit he crept back into the hole. Then I climbed cautiously up the tree as far as the hole, put in my hand and caught hold of the animal, but he bit my hand so hard that I very nearly lost hold. I did not do so, however. I let him go on biting until I had him safe in this box which I had with me."

I now took out a ten yen note and handed it to the man. He was speechless with astonishment on receiving this sum which in that region was the equivalent of a man's earnings for twenty days' work. It looked as though he had been unable to credit the report that I had promised such a reward. After his first moment of amazement he thanked me most humbly. I have never seen any one so entranced by a reward. I then thanked him in return and encouraged him to look for some more specimens, and he disappeared into the darkness on his way back to his own village.

Our labours in that region were now completed and we returned a few days later to the village of Motojondo, whence we were to move on again to our headquarters. On the evening before our departure I heard that another flying squirrel had been caught and awaited me at Motojondo.

While our baggage was transported by ox-wagon I walked thither carrying my first specimen in a box.

On arrival at Motojondo we were met by the owner of the hut in which we had stayed before, a friendly bearded old Korean, who smiled from ear to ear as he welcomed us. He pointed with pride to a little wooden box which he took down from the wall and handed to me. In it sat a little silver-grey flying squirrel, just as charming as the first, and gazed at us with curiosity.

I at once placed it in the box with the other one, who showed great interest. They nosed at each other for quite a while. The new one was a little fractious at first and they had a falling out, but this was soon over. The new one evidently was very hungry for he began almost at once to eat some birch and aspen buds. He was also thirsty and they both ate snow, which is clearly the flying squirrels' normal method of slaking their thirst in winter in these tracts. Very soon, after they



had eaten some more buds and millet and had become better acquainted with each other, they both rolled themselves up into balls, drew their tails over their heads and went to sleep.

Two days later we reached Shuotsu, where the squirrels were installed in a bigger cage. They resumed their nocturnal habits, sleeping all day. They used to get up at about 8 p.m. They lost almost all their shyness. When they were awake, they sat up and took a look round for a while. We could then watch them in their cage without bothering them in the least. They would often sit up and smooth down their silky coats with their paws. Sometimes they would emit a curious little call—a sort of creaking sound, it had. This, evidently, is the sound they use when they wish to communicate with each other at night in the dark. Whenever they had transmitted this signal they always sat still and seemed to be listening for an answer.

If I woke them during the day as they lay rolled up into a ball and took them carefully in my hands, they sometimes allowed me to lift them out of their cage without any resistance. But as a rule they contrived to slip away from me. If I then held them firmly, I would get a bite from their sharp teeth. If I had gloves on their teeth went right through.

They delighted greatly in apples. They continued to have millet and, above all, the buds of certain leafy trees. They liked the buds of hazel trees particularly.

I enjoyed so much studying these large-eyed little denizens of the wild that I decided to try and get hold of several more and take them home to Sweden.

I therefore paid a visit to a Korean in Shuotsu who was known as Ivan, because he had lived for many years in Siberia. He had executed several commissions

for me already. I asked him whether he would care to go to Motojondo at my expense, stay there for a fortnight at the outside, and stimulate the inhabitants of the village into going out in search of flying squirrels for me. He agreed at once. We fixed on a price of five yen for the first specimens and lower prices for subsequent ones. He declared that it was necessary for him to have the prices in writing, as otherwise no Korean would believe in such dazzling figures. Accordingly Fujimoto had to write a letter in Japanese about the transaction. Armed with this, and provided also with some wired cages for the squirrels, the Korean went off to Motojondo in good spirits.

Late in the evening, a week later, there was a knock on our door. Through the glass window I could see that Ivan was outside. I was much astonished and thought at first that there must have been some mishap, as he had returned so soon. When he got into the house he was so excited that he could scarcely speak. He had with him a wooden box divided into a number of partitions and containing no fewer than nine flying squirrels, which he handed over to me with pride. There was great rejoicing in the house over this. After we had thanked and congratulated the Korean he gave us the following account of his mission, while we studied the newcomers.

"When I got to Motojondo, people from all directions had assembled there to celebrate a wedding. There were several hundreds of them and when they were all together, I asked to be allowed to be present. I took the letter from my pocket and read it aloud to the wedding guests. The result was that they all rushed out into the woods to hunt for flying squirrels. Such a chance of earning money wasn't to be lost, they all felt."

Ivan declared that even the bridegroom had been greatly tempted.

After two and a half days' search, ten squirrels had been captured. The capture had generally been effected in this way. The Korean, on finding a tree-hole in which the squirrel lived, had climbed up, taken off his breeches, tied up the bottoms of the legs, placed the upper part in front of the hole, and then began knocking at the tree. The squirrel on this had jumped into the breeches and sunk into one of its legs. The Korean had then bound up the upper part of the breeches and had the squirrel safe. One of the Koreans had had the good fortune of capturing a squirrel in each leg of his breeches.

As soon as Ivan had acquired the ten specimens he returned to Shuotsu with them, going as fast as he could lest they should die on the way. One had died. He had had the good luck of being given a lift on a motor car for one long stretch, thus saving a whole day.

So now I had in all eleven specimens of this strange little animal. The next thing to do was to find a home for them over the summer, as we could not take them about with us on our journeys. I therefore asked Mr. Shimokoriyama, of the Keijo Zoological Gardens, if he would take charge of them on the understanding that he should keep half of the number still living when I left for home. He agreed at once to this and when, some days later, we passed through Keijo on the way to the mouth of the Yalu River, they were deposited at the Zoological Gardens, where they were given excellent cages.

Unfortunately most of them died during the summer and only three were still alive when Sjöqvist was to return home in July. Shimokoriyama was kind enough to let me have two of these and Sjöqvist took them with

him. They arrived safely and were installed in a large cage in my home near Stockholm, where my wife took charge of them until I could get home in the late autumn. At the moment of my writing these pages they have been in my home more than a year. Both of them flourish and they are very nice house-pets, with only this difference, that they are out at night and asleep in the day time. There they lie rolled up like balls, getting up at dusk. In the winter they eat chiefly buds and sprigs of birch, willow, aspen and hazel. They also like hemp-seed and apples. Every now and again I hear them giving forth their queer little cry.

## TO CHIRISAN AND QUELPART ISLAND

DURING OUR stay in Northern Korea I seldom met white men apart from Russian emigrants. But when, in the autumn of 1935, we stayed by the lakes near the Siberian frontier I had a visit one day from a Canadian missionary, Mr. W. A. Burbidge. He was a most sympathetic man who had lived ten years in Korea. He invited us to visit him in his home at Kainei in Northern Korea. We stayed with him and were most cordially and delightfully entertained by him and his wife. We made acquaintance there also with some German Catholic priests, who were living and working in the same town.

Another Canadian missionary, Mr. D. J. Cumming, who lives in the town of Moppo, in Southern Korea, also invited me on a visit. Pastor Cumming, who was also a teacher in a missionary school in Moppo, was much interested in the bird life of Korea and he has published a book of studies on the subject. So we had common interests and I therefore accepted gladly his invitation to spend some days with him on the mountain of Chirisan, in Southern Korea, where he was staying during his summer vacation.

I travelled by night-train from Keijo, on August the 14th, and was to arrive at the station of Nangen in the most southern part of the country the next morning.



THE "LAKE OF HEAVEN", SURROUNDED BY STEEP CRATER WALLS, IS SITUATED ON THE SUMMIT OF PAIKTUSAN,  
THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN KOREA.



THE JAPANESE MILITARY ESCORT ON THE TOP OF PAIKTUSAN.



CROSSING THE MARSHLANDS ON THE WAY FROM PAIKTUSAN. THE 50 JAPANESE SOLDIERS IN FRONT OF THE EXPEDITION.





WHEN THE NET WAS PULLED IN, IT WAS SO FULL OF SARDINES THAT  
IT BROKE SEVERAL TIMES.





A NATIVE WITH A MOUNTAIN OF BRUSHWOOD-FUEL  
ON HIS BACK IS A COMMON SIGHT ON KOREAN ROADS.



ALL OLDER KOREANS WEAR A TOPKNOT. THIS IS A  
KOREAN PEASANT.



HAWK ON HAND, THIS KOREAN IS SPYING DOWN THE VALLEY. ON THE SLOPE BELOW THERE IS ANOTHER MAN WITH A DOG, BEATING FOR PHEASANTS. WHEN A BIRD RISES THE HAWK FLASHES DOWN INTO THE VALLEY AND CATCHES THE BIRD ON THE WING.



THE HAWKS WHICH ARE TRAINED FOR PHEASANT HUNTING ARE PERFECTLY TAME.



THE HAWK HAS TAKEN A COCK PHEASANT AND AT ONCE STARTS EATING IT.





THE KOREAN FARMER HARROWS HIS RICE-FIELDS BAREFOOTED AND WITH HIS TROUSERS PULLED UP TO THE KNEES.



THE SIX-MAN SPADE IS IN COMMON USE IN THE PLAINS BY THE LOWER COURSE OF THE YALU.



KOREAN VILLAGE IN THE PLAINS NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER YALU.



KOREAN HUT NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE YALU. THE HOUSE, IN USUAL KOREAN STYLE, IS BUILT OF CLAY AND THATCHED FROM THE ROOF TO THE GROUND. THE CHIMNEY OF WOOD IS WOUND ABOUT WITH STRAW. THE FENCE IS MADE OF REEDS.





THE AUTHOR WITH HIS RADIO SET AT HEADQUARTERS. WE COULD LISTEN IN TO KOREAN, JAPANESE, CHINESE AND RUSSIAN STATIONS. ON THE BACK OF THE CHAIR SITS OUR HUNTING HAWK.





THE AUTHOR WITH HIS HUNTING HAWK.



MY KOREAN BEARER AT A PHEASANT HUNT.



KOREAN FISHING-JUNK FROM TAIGANDO OUT SARDINE FISHING.



THE CREW OF THE KOREAN FISHING-JUNK.



WHEN A KOREAN WOMAN IRONS HER DRESS HER UTENSIL HAS THE SHAPE OF A FRYING PAN, WHICH IS FILLED WITH GLOWING CHARCOAL.





A KOREAN PEASANT.



OUR KOREAN HOST IN THE VILLAGE OF MOTOJONDO.

Thence I was to go on by motor car. But the caprices of the weather obliged me to modify this programme a little. The rain had been coming down more heavily than was usual and one river after another had overflowed its banks. Serious catastrophies had occurred in many parts of Korea, and the railway services had been impeded over long stretches.

My train was delayed for several hours at the start and when, after a long wait at Riri, where I had to change, I at last got on to the train for Nangen we were able to progress only as far as three stations, as the line was swamped. All passengers had to get off at the little town of Zenshu, and no one knew when another train could proceed.

I put up at a little Japanese hotel and had a look at the town, which was like other Korean small towns. During the night there was an appalling catastrophe. The river, which runs through the town, overflowed its banks and completely destroyed more than a hundred Korean houses. About seventy-five people were drowned that night. The force of the torrent was so great that it was very difficult for old people and children to be saved.

Next morning I went out and saw the scene of destruction. It was terrible to look at the devastated homes, their distracted owners groping about in the mud in their efforts to save some of their lost possessions. The corpses of the drowned had already been taken away.

Such catastrophes were worse that year than ever before. Thousands of Koreans had been drowned, tens of thousands of houses had been destroyed and immense areas devoted to rice cultivation had been laid waste. The material losses went up to many millions of yen. The Japanese Emperor sent a special

"Imperial Envoy" to Korea to investigate on the spot the extent of the loss in human lives and to see what could be done in the way of help for those who had been made homeless.

This Envoy was received with extraordinary marks of esteem when he reached Keijo. He then undertook a journey round all the devastated districts. The Emperor presented a large sum of money for the assistance of the sufferers and considerable collections of money were raised in many parts of the country.

The day after the tragedy I was able to continue on my way to Nangen. During the hours I spent there I had a look at, among other things, the market place which was exceptionally full of life and colour. Here I saw on sale tremendous piles of water melons in addition to charcoal, baskets, cloth, fish and everything else imaginable. A Korean medicine-man sat and delivered a lecture in front of the skeleton of a giant tortoise. He also sold Korean medicine of unpleasant kinds, for instance, pulverized snakes. He had both live and dead snakes all round him. After studying the market and witnessing a funeral procession on its way through the town, I went further afield and came, in the afternoon, on an old Buddhist temple, which lies at the foot of the Chirisan mountain.

Here I engaged a Korean carrier who took possession of my baggage and we began to climb a side of the mountain which was in parts very steep. Sometimes we had to wade through small mountain streams which had been swollen by the rains. Up we went steadily through dense woods of all kinds of leafy trees and after a little more than three hours along a winding pathway, with much hopping from stone to stone, we at last reached a plateau on the summit of the

mountain where a quite surprising spectacle met my eyes.

Here, at a height of 4,200 feet, lay a number of cottages and villas, large and small, of European type spread out among the trees—these trees also leafy and shade-giving. These dwellings were dotted about all over the extensive plateau. Many European and American visitors, especially missionaries, spend their summer vacations here, thus escaping from the oppressive heat of the lowlands.

I soon met some of these people and they helped me to find Pastor Cumming's abode. Mr. and Mrs. Cumming, and the latter's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Preston, welcomed me most kindly and I spent a delightful evening with them.

Next morning we went on an excursion in the neighbourhood. We went along the ridges of the mountain and admired the unique views in all directions. Extremely dense groves of leafy trees—oaks in large measure—grew on the slopes and in the valleys. There seemed to be an endless succession of wooded heights. The ground was bright with flowers of every kind and hue—yellow lilies, red Impatiens and violet Geraniums were to be seen all over the place and blossoming bushes added to the variety. Chirisan seemed to me a fascinating place to spend the summer in.

When we had got back I had a visit from a Swedish lady who introduced herself as Miss Gerda Bergman. She was born near Lidköping, she told me, in 1886. We found that we were not relatives. She had gone to America with her parents, she went on to relate, when she was six. In 1915, she had come to Korea as a missionary and now she lived in the town of Taikyu, in the southern part of the country. She could read



Swedish but she preferred to talk English, as she was out of practice in her mother tongue. But just to prove she was a genuine Swede, she gave out correctly the number *sjuhundra sjuttiosju*,<sup>1</sup> which no foreigner is able to do correctly.

That evening the entire colony met in the Chirisan Assembly Rooms. Pastor Cumming had asked me to deliver a lecture on my travels in Eastern Asia and I accordingly gave an impromptu talk about my adventures traversing Kamtchatka on dog sledges and about my experiences in the Kurile Islands.

Next day I managed to get a number of specimens of the animal life of the locality, snakes, crustaceans and insects.

During a few days more I stayed on the top of this wonderful mountain and made acquaintance with many interesting men and women who were evidently devoted to their work.

From Chirisan I had planned to proceed to Quelpart Island, which is situated in the Strait between Korea and Japan. This island is famous for its 8,000 diving women who gather molluscs from the bottom of the sea.

So I took farewell of my kind hosts and made my way down the mountain, accompanied by a missionary family, named Newland, who had finished their holiday there. On reaching the town of Koshu where the Newlands lived, I spent a couple of hours with them there, visiting their great mission station which has a hospital attached to it. I then proceeded to the seaport of Moppo. The boat for Quelpart Island or Saishuto, as it is now called officially, was due to start a quarter of an hour after the arrival of the train. I had only just time to hurry into a motor car and drive down

<sup>1</sup> Seven hundred and seventy seven.

to the quay side and get on board before she weighed anchor.

The voyage to Quelpart took all night. We landed there at six o'clock next morning. I put up at a Japanese hotel in the little town of Saishuu, rested for a couple of hours, and then went out to have a look round. The houses of the Korean inhabitants were for the most part built of volcanic stone and were surrounded by walls of the same material. The roofs were thatched with straw generally, and to prevent the straw from blowing about it was held down by a network of straw ropes. Korean women were busy washing clothes in the river that traversed the town—a familiar spectacle all over Korea. There was a man standing in the middle of the stream, fishing with a net.

Sellers of water melons promenaded the street and in the shops one saw tradesmen awaiting customers or busy attending to them. Children, half naked, ran about everywhere. I saw one Japanese policeman going his rounds.

The wind was too strong that day for the diving women, but next day they were in full activity. You could see any number of them busying themselves far out at sea and all along the coast. I was anxious to see how their work was done and with an English speaking Korean as interpreter, I arranged to photograph some of them actually at work.

There were three women hard by on the beach, tall and powerful, with well-shaped bodies. All three wore black bathing dresses, the costume of all the divers. Each of them was provided with a large float which consisted of the rind of a cucumber. In addition each had a fishing net. This was fastened to the float. They all wore diver's spectacles.

The three of them now swam off. When they had

got a good way out they left the floats on the surface of the water, dived down with their legs kicking about in the air and vanished from sight. They remained down in the water for a couple of minutes and then came up with both periwinkles and mussels. After resting a little on the surface down they went again. These women divers spend a great part of the day in the sea. As a rule they remain below for two or three minutes, generally in water about six to ten yards deep.

Diving is an exclusively feminine calling in Korea and the Quelpart women have for a long time past been famous as the most efficient in the country. They are in great request both in Japan and on the east coast of Korea, wherever there is a plentiful supply of periwinkles and mussels.

Walking along the beach I was able to watch young girls training themselves for their future occupation. Equipped just like the full grown women, they kept on diving and then turning up with a periwinkle or a mussel.

After I had taken my photographs and moving pictures of the divers I went off in a car to visit a temple some way from the town. It lay enclosed in a grove of beautiful trees. In this temple prayers are offered up to three gods who are regarded as the ancestors of the inhabitants of the island. In the temple park are three caverns which formerly were holes in the ground and out of which the three gods are supposed to have come. So I was told by the Korean priest who showed me over the temple.

The following day I returned to mainland. During the voyage thither we passed, after about a couple of hours, some islands where there were great crowds of women divers at work some way out from the cliffs. A

boat filled with some of them came out to our steamer, to sell periwinkles to us. They did quite a lot of business with any amount of talk.

As we approached the Korean coast we passed through a very beautiful archipelago with any number of green pine-clad islands, most of which are inhabited.

THE MIRACLE-WORKING PLANT AND OTHER STRANGE  
KOREAN MEDICINES

IN KOREA, China, and certain regions of Eastern Siberia there grows a plant which, since ancient times has enjoyed a unique reputation as a medicine. It is called "ginseng." Its Latin name is *Panax ginseng* and it belongs to the *Araliaceae* family. It is a herbaceous plant and grows to the height of a few feet. Its white root is quite thick and spreads out in many ramifications. Sometimes it takes on a curiously human shape and the more pronounced this is, the greater is its value held to be.

This plant is believed to possess mysterious and miraculous powers and all Koreans and Chinese place blind faith in it. A well-educated Korean once declared to me that there was no medicine to be compared with the root of ginseng. If you take a drink prepared from a wild ginseng root, you will never shiver in the extremest cold and never suffer from the greatest heat. You will be able to go about in the thinnest clothes in winter, and until you are eighty or ninety. You can enjoy all your faculties to the full! A frail weakling who takes this drink grows strong and lively and is immune against illness. But it must be made from the root of a wild ginseng. Such a drink has effects which last for thirty or forty years. The root of a cultivated ginseng also is very good but at

the most it is efficacious only for a year or two and it does not possess the same miraculous powers as the wild ginseng.

This belief is held almost universally by the Koreans, as well as in the adjacent Asiatic regions. The result has been that it is the Korean's greatest wish always to come upon a wild ginseng, and the plant is so much in demand that a single really good specimen brings in a fantastic sum to its possessor. In some cases a single good specimen, markedly human in its shape, has brought in some hundreds of pounds. I once met a rich Korean who said he would not hesitate for a moment about paying 1,000 yen for the root of a wild ginseng.

As a result of its great value the wild ginseng has become more and more scarce and as it is an inconspicuous plant outwardly and grows now for the most part in inaccessible tracts of country it is not easily come upon. But there are many Koreans and Chinese, none the less, who spend a great part of their lives seeking for it. They hunt about for it month after month on the hill-sides, often praying to the tutelary spirits of the hills to help them in their search.

A great deal of superstition is bound up with this search. The Chinese think that when a star falls in the darkness of the night they must look for the ginseng in the direction in which it has fallen. The Golds, a race living in the Ussuri river valley, believe that the tiger is the ginseng's protector, and that tigers, therefore, must not be shot. The tiger in their eyes is the ruler and god of the wild regions. When, after years of seeking, a man at last comes upon a wild ginseng, he will prostrate himself and offer up prayer to it in honour of the mysterious and life-giving powers it possesses.

As the demand for Korean ginseng is very great, especially from China, the plant has for ages past been cultivated in Korea. The State now has a monopoly in its cultivation and this monopoly has brought in as much as a couple of million yen a year. The plants have been damaged by certain insects during the last few years and the revenue from them has thus been diminished. It sank from over 2,000,000 yen in 1932 to 1,500,000 in 1934, but every possible effort has been made to get rid of the noxious insects in question, and apparently with success, for the ginseng crops have been recently improving.

The State's most important ginseng plantations lie outside the town of Kaijo, or Songdo, Korea's former capital. The plants are looked after carefully for six years, when the root is ready to be harvested. The root is then taken up and scraped and dried with great care. While it is being dried the sun must not be allowed to shine on it, so it is covered with straw matting in such a way as to screen it in all directions except the north.

When the root is to be used it is placed in the tea kettle or pan and hot water is poured on it, after which the drink is ready. I myself have taken it on two occasions but I have been unable unfortunately to notice any effects—in any case, immediate effects. But perhaps that may have been because I had no real faith in its miraculous powers.

The ginseng root is not the only product credited in Korea with such powers. The flesh of certain animals, especially the tiger, but also leopards and bears as well, are highly valued medicines. There is not much question, indeed, of tigers nowadays as they have been almost exterminated, but when a tiger does reach the market it is in demand medicinally; its flesh,

entrails included, and bones are all in demand. A large tiger in its winter skin now fetches about 2,000 yen, of which sum about half goes for the skin, half for the flesh, entrails and bones.

Bears and leopards are brought to market regularly and their flesh is sold in small bits in the market place. The demand is so great that you may see long queues of Koreans standing and waiting their turn to buy. The gall-bladders of bears are specially sought after and fetch as much as 100 yen apiece. It is dried and pounded to dust and the powder is taken in spirits as a remedy against many kinds of maladies. The gall-bladders of many other animals are also in demand. When a bull or a cow is slaughtered, Koreans always have an eye for the gall-bladders, the contents of which are drunk raw as a means of preventing indigestion. Koreans eat pulverized coal for the same purpose.

The gall-bladders of wild boar and gorals, on the other hand, are dried with their contents over a hot fire—usually over a brazier. They are then pulverized and the powder soaked in rice-wine. In this form, it is drunk by Korean women immediately after giving birth to a child. According to the native belief this prevents all complications.

The raw liver of several kinds of animals is thought to be very wholesome food. Once when I reached a Korean hut with a goral which I had just shot the owners begged me to let them have the liver, which was at once eaten raw by all the members of the family. The raw and still warm liver of a human being is held by the Koreans to be an absolutely certain cure for leprosy. For this reason it often happens that children are killed by Koreans suffering from this affliction. Whenever a Korean leper comes to a new region, therefore, all the inhabitants become anxious about



their children and do not let them go out in the dark. Only a couple of years ago a murder of this kind was committed in Keijo, and in southern Korea, where leprosy is frequent, children are quite often murdered with this motive.

If you develop a sore, the Koreans hold, you do well to apply the droppings of pigs direct to the spot. You may also smear the sore spot with soot from the chimney. If any part of one's body should be frost-bitten it should be rubbed with urine.

The most important surgical instrument used by a Korean doctor of the old stamp is a long needle of about the size of a darning needle but not with such a sharp point. If a man has a pain in his neck for instance, this needle is stuck into the place where the pain is to a depth of a quarter of an inch or more. If a man has a pain in his stomach the needle is stuck into it several times. The same treatment is applied to boils and to a sprained ankle.

This kind of treatment is of very ancient origin. It was in vogue in China two thousand years ago. It has been practised in Japan, also, for many centuries, although modern Japanese doctors, of course, do not lend their countenance to it. There used in former days to be "Imperial Court Needle-stickers" whose highly responsible duty it was to stick their needles into the Mikado!

Antlers also have been used by Chinese and Koreans for medical purposes for ages back. But they must be newly-grown antlers, with soft skin still on them. These antlers are cut off with a saw, boiled, dried and pulverized. The powder is then swallowed in some kind of drink, and it is said to have a highly rejuvenating effect. There is a great demand for it, although it is sold at a very high price.

Snakes and millipedes are also used medicinally as food and are believed to be very good for the health.

There are in Korea, of course, both native and Japanese doctors with entirely modern training. These naturally frown upon all such superstitious ideas. But the majority of the inhabitants are opposed to innovations and they continue to believe in the time-honoured practices above mentioned.

AMONG DANCING DEVILS AND LIONS:  
THE GEISHAS OF KOREA

ONE DAY towards the end of August, when I was staying at Keijo, I was asked by one of my friends on the staff of the Japanese Government General of Korea whether I would like to see a great national festival which was to take place in a village named Shariin, about five hours' journey by train to the north-east of the capital. It was to include some traditional Korean folk-dances, which have died out in other parts of the country, but which still survive in the district in question and are given every year. Some of the dancers, he told me, would impersonate devils and lions, wearing appropriately symbolic masks.

After hearing further details, I decided to accept his kind invitation to the festival, which was to occupy two days, August 30 and 31. He, himself, was to go to Shariin on the 29th to make sure that everything was going to proceed *en règle*. He would send me a telegram that evening to tell me whether I should do well to travel thither early on the 30th. In due course the message came: "Come to-morrow morning by the 8 a.m. train."

Carrying my cinema apparatus as well as my ordinary camera, I took my place in that train and very soon was looking out of the window at Keijo's suburbs. Presently the dense mass of small houses gave place to green

rice-fields, which were to be the predominant feature in all the valleys, while the arid-looking regions on the hillocks and mountain slopes past which we sped, displayed crops of millet, beans and kaoliang.

The weather was fine for once in a way. After several rainy days the sun was at last shining out once again and very soon the heat became quite uncomfortable. The passengers, most of whom were Koreans in the third class and Japanese in the second, began to take off as much of their clothes as *les convenances* permitted—and that is saying a good deal.

My friend was at the station to meet me when at last we reached Shariin. About ten other passengers from Keijo got out, evidently come, like myself, for the festival. Most of them were newspaper men and photographers. Several were from the Keijo broadcasting station. These were to give an account of the second evening's proceedings. Their broadcast was to go not only over all Korea but to all the Japanese stations also. Manifestly the festival was being treated as a great event.

After going through the ceremony of being formally introduced to all the gentlemen who had come to the station to welcome us—the Japanese ceremony of exchanging visiting cards with a succession of many deep bows—we took our seats in three motor cars which took us straight to the scene of the first day's function, namely the so-called "Dancers' School."

This school is a really wonderful institution. Its purpose is to educate the Kisan, the Korean equivalent to the Japanese Geisha. The girls enter on their course at the age of thirteen or fourteen, and for several years they are taught dancing and Korean music, being thoroughly trained in every accomplishment a Kisan needs. When they have completed their course they

are engaged by the hour by anyone who applies for their services. As a rule the guests at restaurants ask for their services. The guest gives the name of the "Kisan" he would like and if she is not already booked by someone else she comes along very soon in a ricksha. The price varies according to the size of the town or village, but it is usually between one and two shillings an hour as in Japan with the Geishas. Just as in Japan, at any important dinner for men at a restaurant, it is an accepted thing that Geishas shall entertain the company with songs, music and dancing, so it is in Korea in the case of all such functions.

When our cars arrived at this remarkable school, which is built in the style of a temple, we were welcomed by a number of young Kisan who showed us the way to a hall used for the reception of guests, where silk cushions were laid out on the floor. We sat down on these and soon we were introduced to the director of the establishment, a tall thin Korean of sympathetic aspect dressed in a typically white costume with baggy breeches fastened above the feet. His task cannot be an easy one. The mere keeping in order of sixty good-looking girls whose occupation is to minister to her fellow men's enjoyment of life must call for exceptional gifts. His face was, indeed, heavily furrowed, no doubt owing to the cares caused him by the young persons in question. Many of them even by a European standard were very pretty. Others to my mind were anything but attractive, although Koreans themselves might go into ecstasies over them. Well, about taste there is no disputing!

On the other cushions in the hall where we had sat down with our legs crossed some middle-aged Korean visitors now took their seats. One who sat next me explained that they were all notabilities from the



KOREAN WOMEN BEAR ALL BURDENS ON THEIR HEAD EXCEPT CHILDREN,  
WHO ARE CARRIED ON THE BACK.



KOREAN POTTER ON HIS WAY TO MARKET.



OVER HIS ORDINARY BLACK HORSEHAIR HAT THE  
KOREAN WEARS A CONE-SHAPED UMBRELLA HAT OF  
OILED PAPER.





VIEW OF KEIJO, THE CAPITAL OF KOREA. THE PALACE OF THE GOVERNMENT IS VISIBLE DIRECTLY BELOW THE MOUNTAIN-PEAK TO THE LEFT.





THE SOUTH GATE OF KEIJO.



SOME OF THE BUDDHA-IMAGES IN THE TEMPLE AT MYOKOSAN.



KOREAN MONKS AT THE ALMOST THOUSAND-YEARS-OLD TEMPLE AT  
MYOKOSAN.



DEVIL-MASKS OF THIS KIND ARE SOMETIMES PLACED AT THE ENTRANCE OF KOREAN VILLAGES TO FRIGHTEN AWAY EVIL SPIRITS.

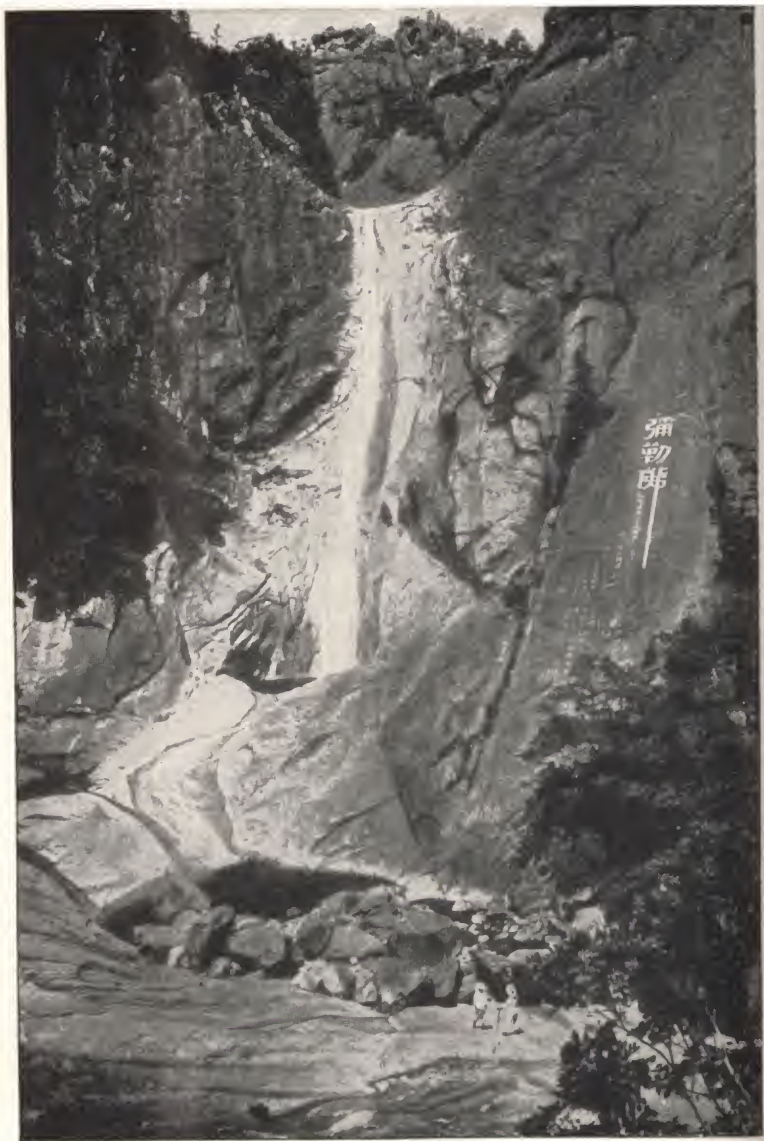




THE TEMPLE AT MYOKOSAN.



THE KOREAN MONK OF THE HANGING TEMPLE.



"THE FALL OF THE NINE DRAGONS", DIAMOND MOUNTAINS.





VIEW OF THE STRANGE PEAKS OF THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS.





THESE BOYS HAVE BEFORE THEM A WHOLE LIFE OF PRAYER AND SINGING IN HONOUR OF BUDDHA. THEY ARE STUDENTS AT ONE OF THE MONASTERIES OF THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS.



THE FAMOUS "HANGING TEMPLE" IN THE DIAMOND MOUNTAINS.



STREET-VIEW FROM THE OUTSKIRTS OF KEIJO. ALMOST ALL THE WHITE-CLOTHED KOREANS HAVE BURDENS ON THEIR BACKS.



THE AUDIENCE HALL OF THE FORMER KOREAN EMPERORS.



THE SUMMER PAVILION AT KEIJO.



FUJIMOTO HAS BEEN OUT SNAKE-CATCHING.



SJÖQVIST READY FOR AN EXCURSION.



village. Among them, for instance, were the Japanese bailiff, several police officers and some of the more well-to-do inhabitants.

After we had been introduced to a number of these and had been waiting some time, we were invited to go out into the courtyard which surrounds the building, where straw mats were laid out for us to sit on and where a raised platform was erected on one side. On this we now sat down again on the straw mats.

The function opened with a speech delivered by the principal of the school. It was in Korean and, apart from words of welcome, it consisted chiefly of thanks for the monetary offerings which had been given to the school and of the hope that many more would come in. On one of the walls hung a dozen or so large paper placards with Chinese lettering on them.

"What is said on those placards?" I asked my neighbour.

"Those are records of the money given to the girls," he replied. "The names of the donors are written up there and the amounts."

These varied from thirty yen to five. During the performance, now and again, new placards were put up with the record of another five or ten yen. The idea was evidently to stimulate us into generosity.

"This girl who is going to attend to us has already been given thirty yen," my neighbour went on to say, and he congratulated her on her success, while she smiled contentedly.

After there had been some more speeches, both in Korean and Japanese, the dancers were to begin. The orchestra in the meantime took up its position on the ground. It consisted of six men. Of these two were provided with drums, three with bamboo flutes and one with a very curious fiddle.

On this strange orchestra striking up there entered four dancers, attired in white hoods and very wide dresses with very long arms which they swung about during the dance. The dresses were a little like kimonos but were entirely white. With gentle graceful movements they swayed forwards and backwards in accord with the music.

When this dance was over a very strange figure appeared upon the scene. He had on a fantastic devil-mask, so alarming to look at that the smaller children present were frightened by it. He had white arms, more than a yard longer than his own arms, and he now began to walk all round like a ghost and then, while the drums thundered and the flute-players and the fiddler played away like mad, he began to dance and sing wildly, now and again turning somersaults. Presently another such figure similarly dressed, came rushing in, followed by yet another until there were eight of them in all. They kept moving round and round and looked as though they were impersonating Evil Spirits. Occasionally there would be an exchange of dialogue between two of them, and now and again one of them would execute a solo dance.

When they had finished their performance, which was carried through with such energy, that it must have been most exhausting to them in the heat—they disappeared into an adjacent tent where I could see them, sweating profusely, make instantly for their bottles of cider—the drink most in use in Korea in hot weather. The Evil Spirits had more than earned their refreshment.

After a short pause came the outstanding item of the evening's programme—the appearance on the arena of a lion about four yards long. This wonderful creature evoked great delight the moment it came in,

led by one of the Evil Spirits who carried a cane in his hand. The lion had a rough white hide which was made of strips of paper. A big mane adorned its head and neck and a pair of rolling eyes gave the beast a terrible aspect which was intensified when he put out his long tongue and rolled it about alarmingly. He had a long tail also which he kept switching about. Presently, at the behest of the Evil Spirit, he began to dance to music but now and again he would rebel and not do as the Evil Spirit told him. Then his master would give him a rap over the head. But the lion was not disposed to stand this. He rushed at his master and tried to bite him. And the Evil Spirit had to dodge out of his way while hitting at him again. Sometimes the lion would crouch down and then make a new attack. Finally, peace was restored between them and he began dancing again. Suddenly his tail began to itch and he swung round quickly and began biting himself in that region to the huge delight of the audience.

This performance over, the lion withdrew in state from the scene with delightfully ludicrous effect, especially when he would turn round his head and look at us. Storms of applause followed. Lion dances of this kind have been performed in Korea for more than a thousand years past, but now they are to be seen at only three places in the whole country.

Then the Devils danced again and after them a score of pretty Kisan, attired in strange dresses and with flat-shaped hats, adorned with peacock feathers. While these dances were in progress a Korean meal was served out to us guests of honour, with all kinds of bitter native dishes. Dancers who were not performing at the time waited on us.

After some other dances had been performed the



festival was finished for the day, to be continued on the morrow on a still greater scale at another place in the village.

This began at one o'clock. A very large arena was fitted up with rows of seats—with straw mats as usual—on stands arranged like an amphitheatre. The same programme was proceeded with as on the evening before but some new items were added. Among these was the appearance of new dancers wearing grotesque masks of much more than life size. One, for instance, wore an unnaturally large head. The mere sight of this figure evoked at once peal upon peal of laughter. So it was with several others. All this proved that the Koreans have a sense of humour.

But the greatest success of all was to be achieved by the entertainment on the second evening. It was a warm and radiant summer evening. A full moon shed its lustre over the festival-ground where every inch of matting was covered by several thousand spectators of all ages down to babies, asleep on their mothers' backs.

It was a pleasure to see with what delight all the thousands of Koreans watched the performers and without a doubt the whole festival gave an immense amount of enjoyment. It was one that would be recalled with happiness long afterwards in the hard working monotonous existences that are for the most part, the Koreans' lot. I left the place at a quarter past eleven, but the performance was still in progress. My last glimpse was of a Devil dancing a solo.

## A STRANGE MEETING

AT THE beginning of September, 1936, I had been invited to give a lecture on my studies of the animal world of Korea before "The Chosen Natural History Society." The lecture, which was delivered in English in the Keijo University, was translated into Japanese by one of the professors as some of the students did not know English well enough to understand me.

I also gave a lecture before the International Friendly Association, already mentioned, and one later before the Royal Asiatic Society which has a local branch in Korea, as well as one at the Ewha College, an ultra-modern higher school for girls which has been founded with American money. At this college my lecture was interpreted in Korean by one of the Korean teachers, who had studied in America. I made many interesting acquaintances on all these occasions.

Just about this time a very curious thing happened. My children, during my absence from Sweden, were taken one day to Skansen, the well-known national park—pleasure-resort and ethnographical and zoological gardens combined—in Stockholm. They were wearing national Swedish costumes and for this reason had caught the attention of a Japanese visitor there. He had asked permission to take a photograph of them and with characteristic Japanese courtesy had promised to send them a copy of it. Presently there arrived a

letter from Berlin, enclosing it. The Japanese added his address, which turned out to be at Keijo. My children wrote to tell me about this little incident and gave me their Japanese acquaintance's name and address.

I at once looked these up in the Keijo telephone directory and found them. I rang up and asked whether Mr. Kuroda (that was his name and he was an engineer, I found) were at home. When I got talking with him I asked whether he had been in Sweden recently. He said he had, in the course of a journey round the world.

"Did you photograph some children out at Skansen?" I asked.

"Yes, I did," he answered.

"Those were my children!" I rejoined.

He was much surprised and interested and accepted cordially an invitation to dine with me at my hotel next day.

On arriving, he at once presented me with an enlargement of the photograph in question, which he had hastened to have made.

We had a very pleasant talk, in the course of which he told me that he had visited Sweden to study the ice-breaker vessel *Ymer*. He was a marine engineer and he showed me a note-book where he had drawn all kinds of sketches which he had made of the *Ymer*. He greatly admired the way in which she was built.

He talked English fluently and asked me whether I would visit him in his "small and dirty home." I accepted gladly and afterwards spent a delightful evening with him in his home which was anything but "small and dirty." This marine engineer, who was an expert in ice-breakers, had also another speciality. He was a collector of dolls. He had a cupboard with

sliding glass doors, in which he kept his collection. He had several hundreds. In all the countries he had visited he had collected these specimens, mostly very small ones but with well-formed features. He had about ten from Sweden, some of them dressed in national costumes. He had some Lapps, too, with their kilt skirts and tufted caps. He had bought them all in Stockholm.

When not absorbed in his ice-breakers he busies himself with his hundreds of dolls. The Japanese section was the most numerous and included figures in costumes illustrative of past ages. But he also had Dutch, German, English, French, etc. His interest in the subject had quite a touch of ethnographical science in it.

A marine engineer such as he was a type to be met only once in a lifetime. So I reflected on my way home that night.

## THREE THOUSAND FEET ABOVE KOREA

BEFORE DAYLIGHT on the 2nd of October a Japanese waitress knocked at the door of my bedroom in a Dairen hotel and told me it was half-past four o'clock. An hour later I found myself in the office of the Japanese Air Service, in one of the principal streets of the town. There were three Japanese there already, and presently two others came along in cars. We all had the same purpose—to go from Dairen by aeroplane to Korea. Three of the others were proceeding on to Japan.

After our tickets had been examined and our luggage weighed and found to be too heavy—only ten kilograms go free—we stepped into the Air Service's elegant motor car at 5.50 a.m. At a swift pace we whirled away out of the waking town, which was not as animated as usual at this early hour. There had been festivity the day before in commemoration of the coming into existence of the state of Manchukuo. But a good many Chinese and Japanese were already up and about.

The weather forecasts were favourable as regarded Korea, but bad as regarded Japan. What I wanted to see was how Korea looked from a bird's eye view, and my destination was Keijo. One of the other passengers was also bound for Keijo. One was going to the town of Shingishu on the Korea-Manchukuo frontier.



CAMPING ON THE JOURNEY TO PAIKTUSAN.



THE LAST CAMP BEFORE ASCENDING PAIKTUSAN.





OUR HOUSE-CAT WAS A YOUNG LYNX.



THE LITTLE LYNX PLAYED ALL DAY WITH A PUPPY.







THE AUTHOR AND VALERIJ JANKOVSKI WITH TWO WILD BOARS, JUST SHOT IN THE PRIMEVAL FOREST NEAR THE MANCHURIAN BORDER.







GEORGE JANKOVSKI WITH TWO LEOPARDS JUST KILLED.





MARKET SCENE AT RIUGANPO. OLD SHOES AND OLD UMBRELLAS FOR SALE.



HATTER AND GENERAL DEALER.



TAKING TEA IN OUR JAPANESE HOUSE AT RIUGANPO, WHERE WE ALWAYS TOOK OUR MEALS SITTING ON THE FLOOR. FROM THE LEFT: SJÖQVIST, FUJIMOTO AND THE AUTHOR.





KOREAN GIRLS PLANTING RICE NEAR THE VILLAGE OF RIUGANPO.



ON THE WAY TO MARKET UNDER A BURNING SUN. THE WOMEN ALWAYS CARRY THE BURDENS ON THE HEAD; THE MEN HAVE THEM ON THE BACK.





AT THE GRAIN-MARKET, RIUGANPO. THE GRAIN LIES SPREAD OUT IN FLAT BASKETS OF STRAW.



ALMOST EVERY DAY IN SUMMER-TIME WE SAW THE AGILE LITTLE GROUND-SQUIRREL IN THE WOODS OF KOREA.



THE ORIENTAL TURTLE-DOVE, WHICH IS COMMON IN KOREA, SITTING ON ITS EGGS IN A LARCH-TREE.



KOREAN FISHERWOMEN GO OUT DURING THE COLD AUTUMN, FULLY DRESSED, TO CATCH SHRIMPS IN THE BRACKISH WATERS NEAR TAIGANDO.



THE SAILS OF THE KOREAN FISHING-JUNKS ARE HOISTED ON BAMBOO POLES.



THRESHING IS STILL CARRIED OUT WITH FLAILS ALL OVER KOREA. THE VILLAGE OF MOTOJONDO.



CHILDREN FROM MOTOJONDO.





After a motor car drive of twenty minutes we reached the flying-field, where a two-engine English machine already stood ready with whirring propellers, while a Japanese mechanic busied himself with it.

We were shown into a waiting-room, where we ourselves were weighed. The pilot, a tall, thin Japanese in overalls, stepped into his cabin, and we passengers were asked to take our places. We all seated ourselves according to taste on the comfortable leather arm-chairs.

The engines were set going, a Japanese stood with a flag in each hand and gave the signal to start, and punctually at 6.40 a.m. our machine rolled out over the field. It went first along a cemented track for several hundred yards and then turned round towards the starting point. There the pilot let it rip and with a thundering sound the engines took us along faster and faster until it left the ground imperceptibly, and set its course for Korea.

We rose quickly to a height of more than 3,000 feet, keeping along the coast of the Liaotung Peninsula. The country now lying beneath us is inhabited by Chinese, but Japan has taken a lease of it from China for a long period—until 1997—and it will, of course, never again come into Chinese hands. The town of Dairen is now the chief export town for the products of Manchukuo and Swedish boats often go there to get cargoes of soya beans. It is growing apace in proportion to Manchukuo's development and the number of vessels in its harbour is impressive.

Every bit of ground beneath us was cultivated. Here and there, I could make out tiny specks on the fields—they were Chinese at work. It all looked like a single well-ordered garden. The huts of the Chinese stood about alone or in clusters. One saw yellow heaps

outside some houses. These were heaps of ripened maize. I could see also that millet, kaoliang and beans were cultivated. I could see it by their colours as they all looked different at this time of the year. Here and there rose pine-clad hills and hillocks among the fields and the houses were surrounded by small groves of trees.

Out on the Yellow Sea, whose coast we were now following, were fishing boats with or without sails. A number of islands lay scattered along the coast, making a beautiful archipelago. The sky was covered with light clouds but the sun shone through them frequently, shedding its radiance over the sea. A slight breeze rippled the surface of the waves.

All along the coast we saw rice-fields. They had a yellow appearance, now being ready for harvesting, and on some the harvesters were already at work.

Right down on the shore lay some erections of a curious shape, square enclosures, surrounded by walls and subdivided into sections which were filled with water. Canals up from the sea led into these enclosures. They were stations for the extraction of salt from the sea water. There are a number of such enclosures along the Korean coast.

For three quarters of an hour we flew along the coast, which was full of inlets, then we went over land towards Shingishu on the Korea-Manchukuo frontier. Sometimes we had been flying above, sometimes below, the clouds, but now we dived into a dense compact cloud. Now and again we had a glimpse of the ground through an opening in this cloud, but we could not see enough to tell where we were, so the pilot, as he was approaching his first landing-place, made several circular movements among the clouds now massed together. At last we got out of them and he could see where we were. I myself was on the look-out for the

Yalu River and at last I made it out—a winding band of silver far away. It was a pleasure next to see Riuganpo again, and the island of Ganshima out beyond the mouth of the river, where I used sometimes to sink in mud to the knees almost, and many other places which evoked more or less pleasant memories.

Soon we had crossed the river and were over Korea. The ground was yellow with ripened rice, but the human beings now were white instead of drab looking, as on the other side of the Yalu. We were in the land of the white-clad.

The pilot now steered towards the earth, and the machine began to sink. We sped along full speed over the yellow rice fields at a low height, and some minutes later we went rolling over the flying field of Shingishu, coming to a standstill a little way from the Air Services' building, where a group of people were waiting.

Now we had to confront the Customs Officials and to show our passports and a number of zealous gentlemen belonging to the Japanese Army and Police and Customs made their appearance. I, as the only foreigner, came in specially for their attentions, and my baggage was examined with the greatest care.

Within a quarter of an hour all these officials had satisfied their consciences and a few minutes later we were up again among the clouds. We now had to put our watches on an hour as henceforth we should be going by Japanese time.

Down below we saw yellow rice-fields still and now a good many Korean villages, which looked picturesque from above. We were flying now over a land of hills and valleys. In the valleys every inch of land was cultivated. There were patches of tilled land even high up on the mountain sides. Millet and beans were the chief crops here.



On all the hills I could see small black marks which I might not have been able to identify if I had not already seen Korean graves close at hand. They are often placed in beautiful positions on the hill crests and slopes.

We swept along over beautiful sun-lit clouds out of which a mountain occasionally raised a peak, and soon a wonderful panorama began to spread out in front of us. Then the machine went out over the sea and we had glimpses of countless islands and fishing-boats. According to the maps we were flying over the sea a distance of thirty-five miles.

Occasionally there were slight squalls and our machine would twist and turn a little, but for the most part the air was still. Some of my fellow passengers took a snooze, one read an illustrated magazine, one studied the landscape. The pilot's face never changed. He sat there quiet and serious with her, only now and again turning his head. He gave the impression of a man who knew his job.

Now we were flying over land once again, going for a distance of about thirty miles over a typical Korean countryside, with rice-fields in the valleys in between hills and pine-clad mountains. Korea's second city, Heijo, which was formerly the capital, and which is famous for its pretty "Kisan," now became visible. Its temples and beautiful city-gates stood out presently from among its mass of Korean houses interspersed with European and Japanese.

At Heijo there is a military flying station and several army planes could be seen moving about over the great flying fields. We now had to change pilots. Our new man was a bare-headed elegant looking little gentleman, in a double-breasted dark suit and goggles. Like his colleague he was of very serious aspect and he stepped



OUR HOUSE IN SHUOTSU VALLEY.



THE VILLAGE OF NOVINA, FOUNDED BY JANKOVSKI.



SUMMER-UNDERCLOTHING OF BAMBOO FIBRE. IT IS WORN NEXT TO THE SKIN TO "PUFF OUT" THE OTHER CLOTHING AND THUS PREVENT TRANSPIRATION. AT THE WRISTS ARE WORN CUFFS OF THE SAME MATERIAL.





MASSED HOUSES IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF KEIJO.



KOREAN HATMAKER.



THE KOREAN GIRLS IN THE VILLAGE OF ENGAN HAVE SWINGING COMPETITIONS.



ATHLETIC COMPETITIONS ARE VERY POPULAR IN KOREA.



THE HARLEQUIN DUCK IS ONE OF THE MOST STRIKING BIRDS OF THE COUNTRY.



A KOREAN WOMAN CARRIES BOTTLES, TOO, PREFERABLY ON THE HEAD.





WHEN THE KOREAN BUILDS HIS HOUSE, HE PLASTERS THE CLAY ON A NETWORK OF TWIGS OR REEDS.



IN EVERY VILLAGE THERE IS A MILL OR TWO OF THIS KIND FOR GRINDING MAIZE AND OTHER CEREALS.

into his place without a moment's delay when the other left it.

After a stay of ten minutes we left Heijo. Now began the most beautiful stretch of our flight, but also the most dangerous. Practically the whole of it was over mountains. There were beautiful mountains in every direction with cultivated fields deep down in the valleys. I sat and wondered whether it would be possible to make a forced landing safely in these regions in the case of accident. The chances seemed small. I was glad, therefore, to note that the engines sang their monotonous song without the slightest alteration of tone.

Soon we found ourselves again above a sunlit cloud but there were big apertures in it occasionally and we were able to see where we were. There was no wind and the machine seemed to lie quite still in the air. We could almost imagine it was the landscape that was sweeping past us and that we were standing still. The sun shone in through the windows and it was very warm. The whirr of the engines had a soporific effect, but I was too keenly interested in all I saw to find time for a nap. Some white herons flew over a small lake and presently I saw two grey herons. We were passing over a number of villages now and I could see many white-clad figures moving about with or without burdens on their heads. Now and again a motor car crept along on a country road. Even a train, though it did move, seemed to make very little progress.

It was a great joy to be sitting up aloft, more than 3,000 feet above the land and to look down upon the continually changing scenery below. Now rivers would come into view, now villages and small towns. Presently we could see the Han River, one of Korea's greatest water ways. We saw how it branched out into several arms. Its surface was yellow and opaque.

Korean junks were being rowed along on it for lack of a breeze.

Now once more the sea came into sight with its islands, but mighty mountains began again to rise all around. The sky was blue but the more distant mountain ranges were screened by haze. While I was doing my best to disentangle those hazy mountains, Korea's ancient capital came to view. Three hours and ten minutes after we had left Dairen the machine alighted on the flying field of Keijo—a journey of 400 miles.

My part of the flight was over and some minutes later the Air Service's motor car whirled me into the centre of the town, hooting violently at pack-oxen and white-clad pedestrians as it went. Quiet traffic is a thing unknown in Korea.

## HOMEWARD BOUND

ON MY return to Keijo I packed the last of our many cases of specimens, sent them to Kobe in Japan, took leave of my friends in Korea, and set out for Tokio to superintend the despatch of all my baggage home by the Swedish Eastern Asiatic Company's boat.

In Tokio I met many of my Swedish and Japanese friends. One meeting, which afforded me special pleasure, was that with my old Japanese friend, Mr. Hatasawa, who had rendered me great services during my expedition to Kamtchatka. He now took the trouble to come all the way from Hakodate at the extreme north of Japan to see me. We had not seen each other since we parted sixteen years before at the mouth of the Kamtchatka River, whence my wife and I, together with our friend, Mr. Hedström, a taxidermist, set out on a 500 mile journey on skis across the country to our headquarters at Petropavlovsk. I recall so well Hatasawa's anxiety about us on the occasion of that journey which he regarded as a journey to death. And I have often had in mind his friendly farewell to us and how he stood waving as long as he could see us in the dim distance.

We had no difficulty in recognizing each other at the railway station despite our long separation. We had much to tell each other during the two days he was able to spend at Tokio. Of peculiar interest to me was

what he had to say about his experiences during fifteen summers in Kamtchatka, for he had been there every year since that last meeting, and had remained in the service of the same great fisheries company.

When my cases had passed the Japanese Customs and I had got them on board the Swedish steamer *Shantung* at Kobe, where they were safely stowed away under the supervision of Captain Bergerud, an old acquaintance of mine from my first voyage to the East, I drew a sigh of relief.

Now I had only to return home. I set about booking my ticket for the Trans-Siberian Express and for my return by air to Korea next day.

The flight over the Land of the Rising Sun in the clear autumnal air was a great experience.

The journey over the sea from Japan to Korea, which takes almost a whole day by boat, was done in an hour. While flying over Southern Korea's dangerous mountains, we kept at a height of more than 6,000 feet.

I stayed one day at Keijo and travelled thence by night express to Manchukuo. After crossing that country viâ Mukden and Harbin, I reached the frontier station of Manchuria, where the Trans-Siberian Express awaited me. Seven days later I was in Moscow. Finally, two days after, at dawn, on November the 28th, I reached Stockholm, where my family were awaiting me, my children considerably taller than when I had last seen them nearly two years before. And so ended my Korean expedition.

